

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS WEEKLY. WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE YOUNG COPPER KING OR THE BOY WHO WENT THE LIMIT

(A STORY OF WALL STREET) *By A Self-Made Man*

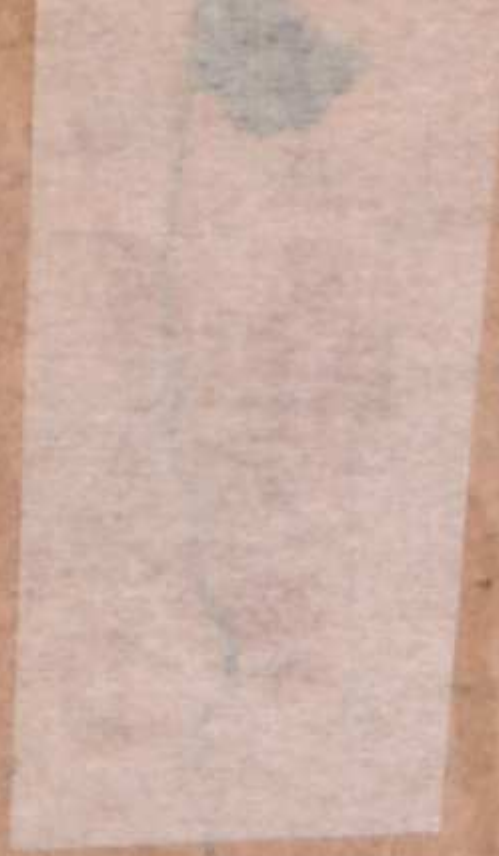
AND OTHER STORIES



With an exclamation of anger, Jackson suddenly let it fly at Nick. The boy threw the window behind him

snatched up one of the arm and dodged a crash, splin

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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 830

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

The Young Copper King

OR, THE BOY WHO WENT THE LIMIT

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Nick Expresses His Opinion.

"Nick—Nick Brown!" cried Broker Tuckerman, standing at the door of his private office and looking across the untenanted reception room into the counting room. "Where in thunder is that boy?"

"Gone out, sir," said Cashier Jenkins from his desk.

"He's always out when I particularly want him. Where has he gone?"

"Took a note to Smart & Co. It was about Ventura Copper. You remember——"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. How long has he been out?"

"Twenty minutes or so."

"It's time he was back."

"I think it is. He may have been detained at Smart & Co.'s."

"Send him in to me as soon as he gets back."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, Mr. Jenkins, did you make a call on Havens for more margin on his copper stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he responded?"

"Not yet, sir. The price went up a point this morning, I heard you say, and that this bear raid had probably touched bottom, and so I suppose——"

"Never mind what you heard me say, nor what you suppose. Make an entry of a transaction as having occurred yesterday and report him closed out at 23."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Jenkins.

"If Havens calls, I'm too busy to see him. Tell Nick to sidetrack him. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Tuckerman re-entered his room and closed the door. He was a stout and pompous man of five and fifty, who wore fine clothes as befitted a successful stock broker. On the little finger of his left hand glittered a large diamond, in his handsome tie another, and across his expensive vest a heavy gold chain, from pocket to pocket, with a large emblem depending therefrom. He had a partner twenty years his junior, who had a third interest in the firm. The junior partner's name was Craig.

Mr. Tuckerman was the capitalist and manager, while Mr. Craig executed the orders of the firm and did it with energy, shrewdness and tact. The substantial-looking senior partner had hard-

ly seated himself at his desk beside the window overlooking Wall street when Nick Brown, the office boy and messenger, a bright, active and healthy boy, bounced into the office and handed an envelope to Cashier Jenkins.

"Mr. Tuckerman wants to see you, Brown," said the cashier.

Nick knocked at the door of the private room and was told to enter.

"You wanted me, Mr. Tuckerman?" he asked respectfully.

"Take this note to Mr. Craig at the Exchange," said the broker.

"Yes, sir," replied Nick, starting for the door.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Tuckerman sharply.

Nick returned to the desk.

"Leave this letter at Duncan & Co., on Beaver street."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. One moment. If Havens calls when you're at your post outside, remember I'm busy. Can't see him. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," and Nick made his exit without being called back again.

He stepped up to the cashier's window.

"I've got a note to deliver at the Exchange, and then I've got to go to Beaver street."

The cashier nodded and Nick left the office. Coming in at the door, he came face to face with a pretty, modest-looking girl. Her face so greatly resembled that of Harry Havens, the young customer of the firm whom Mr. Tuckerman had decided not to see any more, if he could help it, that Nick stopped and stared at her.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but are you any relation of Harry Havens, a customer of ours?" he asked.

"I am his sister," she replied nervously. "You are connected with the firm of Tuckerman & Craig?"

"Yes, Miss Havens."

"Is either of those gentlemen in?"

"Mr. Tuckerman is."

"Could I see him?"

"I guess so. Speak to the cashier at that window yonder. He will send your name and request in to Mr. Tuckerman."

He held the door open politely, and, closing it after the girl, started for the elevator. Going to the Exchange, he delivered the note addressed to the junior partner. Craig read it and dismissed him, whereupon he started for Beaver street. He had been to Duncan & Co. and knew they were

liquor dealers. The firm occupied the ground floor and cellar. The office was at the back, and Nick proceeded there.

Entering the counting room, he handed the note to the head bookkeeper. That individual opened it and said "All right." As Nick started for the door he found his path blocked by a large barrel that was being rolled toward him by a couple of stout porters. He stepped into a narrow alley between two rows of barrels, to wait until the barrel was out of his way. He heard the voice of a man in the next alley:

"If you want to get in on a good thing, Duncan, buy Idaho Copper. It's down to bedrock now and I have it from those who are in a position to know that it will go up to 35. You can buy it now for 25. That will give you a profit of \$10 a share. It might go even higher if conditions are favorable. I've promised you a tip, so now you have it."

"Much obliged. I'll take advantage of your pointer and buy some of it," said the liquor importer.

The gentlemen walked away and Nick heard no more, but the little he had heard was enough to give him a pointer on Idaho Copper. Nick lived in New Rochelle, and came to the city every business morning on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which landed him at the Grand Central station on 42d street, and the subway, which was a new institution in those days, carried him downtown. His father carried on a real estate business in New Rochelle, and was agent for several fire insurance companies, and also secured loans on real estate in Westchester County on commission.

The family lived in a small cottage on one of the residential streets, and while Mr. Brown owned his house, he was not overburdened with ready money. Nick, finding his way now clear to the door, was soon on his way back to the office, with the fixed purpose in his mind of getting in on Idaho Copper and making the \$10 a share profit that the broker had declared was in sight. When he entered the reception room he found Harry Havens there talking to the cashier. The young man, who was hardly more than a boy, was insistent on seeing Mr. Tuckerman, but Jenkins, having his orders, told him that the broker was engaged with some big bank director and couldn't see any visitor.

Havens held the statement in his hand that the cashier had passed out to him. This statement showed him that his deal in Idaho Copper had been closed out, for lack of additional margin, and that he stood indebted to the house in the sum of something like \$50.

"I don't see how you could have sold me out," protested Havens, with a troubled look.

"We called on you for additional margin and you failed to respond," answered Jenkins.

"But it's quoted on the ticker at 25 at this moment," said the youth. "That leaves me a small margin of safety."

"It dropped to 23 yesterday, ten points below what you bought it for, and consequently——"

"But it only touched 23 and almost immediately went to 24. There was no reason why I should have been sold out. It's taking an unfair advantage of a fellow. If you stand by that

statement it means ruins to me," and the boy's voice broke.

Jenkins turned to his books and left the boy standing there. Nick walked up to him.

"What's the trouble, Havens?" he asked. "If you've sold out your Idaho Copper, you've made a mistake, besides losing your money."

"I didn't sell it, but Mr. Tuckerman did. Here is my statement, showing that my deal was closed out at the loss of all my margin, and leaving me owing the firm a matter of \$50 commission," said Havens.

"You don't mean it!" said Nick. "Gee! that's rough. Weren't you able to protect your deal?"

"I bought it at 33. At that time Mr. Tuckerman said he believed it would go to 40. Instead of that, a bear raid sent it down, day by day, till yesterday morning it was around 24 and a fraction. Then I got a notice calling on me for more margin. I had no more to put up, and all I could do was to watch the stock and hope for the best. It touched 23 along about three o'clock and closed at 23 3-8. Now I am reported sold out at 23. I don't believe Mr. Tuckerman sold the stock, I believe he just took advantage of the quotation to rob me out of my little money. Why, the stock opened this morning at 23 5-8 and is now 25. I think it's an outrage!"

Nick had been watching copper himself since it slumped, looking to see it recover, and he knew that, according to the tape, that only one transaction appeared on it at 23. Mr. Tuckerman's orders to sidetrack Havens when he called made Nick suspicious that the firm had taken advantage of the drop of the copper stock to 23 to exercise the absolute right they had to protect themselves. Nick at once surmised that it was a scheme to get rid of a small customer, and as he had taken a great liking to Harry Havens, whose ways were frank, ingenious and winning, he felt indignant.

"I agree with you. I think Mr. Tuckerman didn't treat you fairly. Probably Mr. Craig made a wash sale of your 200 shares, and the stock has been transferred to the firm, who will make the profit out of the rise that honestly belongs to you."

Nick wouldn't have been quite so frank in his remarks had he known that Mr. Tuckerman was standing at the door of his room at that moment within earshot. The broker had come out to see the cashier about something, but observing the presence of Havens, had paused. He heard what his young customer said, and then Nick's reply. Instantly his eyes blazed with anger.

"Brown," he said sharply, "I'd like to see you in my room!"

Then he went back to his desk.

"My!" thought Nick, "I wonder if he heard what I said? If he did, there'll be something doing. Excuse me, Havens," he added, starting for the private room.

CHAPTER II.—Nick Is Discharged.

When Nick looked at the senior partner he felt that his suspicions were true, for Mr. Tuckerman looked sour and threatening.

"I overheard what you said to young Havens"

just now," said Mr. Tuckerman, in a disagreeable tone, "and I don't like it, do you understand? Who gave you the authority to criticize my actions, or those of Mr. Craig?"

"What I said was merely my own opinion, sir, and it does not follow that it is correct," replied Nick, who was an independent boy and had the courage of his convictions. "Havens was complaining that he had been unfairly sold out——"

"And it's your opinion that he was, eh?" interrupted the broker, with a black look.

"From the way he put it, it looked that way."

"Very well; if that's the way you look at it, I have no further use for you in this office. Collect your week's wages from the cashier and get out."

"Very well, Mr. Tuckerman. You don't have to keep me. I've been with you three years, and have always done my duty. I'm perfectly willing to give somebody else the chance to run your errands."

"You needn't expect any recommendation, for I won't give you one," said Tuckerman.

"Good afternoon, sir!" and Nick walked out and went to the cashier's window.

"I'll take my week's wages, Mr. Jenkins, if you please," he said.

"Eh? Your week's wages! What do you mean?" said Jenkins, in surprise.

"Mr. Tuckerman told me to ask you for the money."

"Do you mean to say you have been discharged?" said the astonished cashier.

"That's about the size of it. Mr. Tuckerman told me to get out."

"What was the trouble?"

"I expressed an opinion about his methods that he didn't like. He hauled me over the coals for it, and as I failed to make a humble apology, he fired me."

"Why did you express an opinion about the methods of the house? Don't you know that you have no right to do such a thing?"

"The opinion was expressed to a third party and not intended for the boss's ears. He happened to come to the door and overheard it, hence the row."

"Who did you express the opinion to?"

"Harry Havens. He said he had not been squarely treated in respect to his deal, and I agreed with him."

"Well, here's your money," said the cashier.

Nick put his wages in his pocket and walked out. Harry Havens had already gone, much broken in spirit and utterly unable to summon up resolution to go home and tell his mother the bad tidings. He was not aware that his sister had visited the office and there learned the truth, which, by that time, she had communicated to their mother. Feeling as if he'd like to drown himself, he walked aimlessly down Broad street, up Beaver and over to the little Bowling Green park. There he sat down, feeling at that moment that the world was very dark indeed. In the meanwhile, Nick walked down Broad street as far as the quick-lunch house he was in the habit of patronizing, and ordered a meat stew, a cup of coffee, and a slice of pie. A messenger friend named Dick Davenport came in and mounted the stool beside him.

"Hello, Nick, how's things?"

"What kind of things you refer to?"

"You know what I mean."

"Well, I've picked up a tip, for one thing."

"That's good."

"And I've lost my job for another."

"You've what—lost your job? Go on, you're kidding me!"

"Not a bit of it. I've parted company with Tuckerman & Craig."

"Well, I'm surprised. What was the trouble?"

"That's a private matter between me and Mr. Tuckerman."

"He's lost a good messenger. You'll have no trouble in catching on somewhere else."

Nick paid his check and took his way back to Wall street, where he visited a certain safe-deposit vault where he kept his money. He had \$3 500 in good money in his box, and no one knew it but himself. He took out \$3,000 and, going to the office of a Curb broker he was on good terms with, George Hartley by name, he put it up as margin on 300 shares of Idaho Copper, at 25. Nick got his memorandum of the deal and left. Hartley went out and bought the stock just before three. Thus Nick began a new career that was to lead to fortune.

CHAPTER III.—Nick's First Success in Copper.

As it was early yet, too early to start for home, Nick decided to stroll down to the Battery. Looking in at Bowling Green Park, as he circled about it, he was surprised to see Harry Havens seated there. He went in and sat down beside him.

"Hello, Havens! What are you doing here?" he said, slapping him on the shoulder.

"That you, Brown?" said the young fellow, with a faint smile. "Bound on an errand this way?"

"No. I'm just taking a stroll."

"You get off early. It's only three o'clock."

"I'm off for good," said Nick.

"Have you left them?"

"Not exactly. Mr. Tuckerman bounced me about five minutes after you left the office."

"Bounced you! How came he to do that?"

"He heard what I said to you about the way you claimed to have been treated by the firm, and he called me down about it. As I wouldn't take it back, he fired me."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Make the money you've lost."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I had enough money to buy 300 shares of Idaho Copper, and I bought the stock. I picked up a tip to-day that points to a rise of ten points in stock, and I hope to clean up a profit of \$3,000."

"You'll be fortunate if you make so much," said Havens wistfully, thinking of his own lost opportunity.

"If instead of buying Idaho Copper at 35 you had waited, you'd be able to buy it at 25 to-day, and then you'd be in line to make a couple of thousand. Now you've lost that much. I suppose you're cleaned out?"

"Yes. I lost \$1,000 of my own money and \$1,000 of my mother's."

"Your mother's!"

"I was so sure of winning that I persuaded her to let me have the money to invest. It's gone and she can't afford to lose it. I haven't the heart to go home and tell her."

"Your sister has told her, I guess."

"My sister! How could she, when she doesn't know about it, herself?"

"You didn't hear, then, that your sister was at the office to-day?"

"What! How do you know that?"

"When I went out on the last errand I executed for the firm, I met a young lady coming in at the door. She looked so like you that I couldn't help speaking to her and asking her if she was related to you. She said she was your sister. She wanted to see one of the firm, and I suppose Mr. Tuckerman saw her. I don't know why she called, but I think it is likely it was to ask about your speculation, in which event Mr. Tuckerman doubtless told her you had been sold out."

"My sister objected to my going into the market, but when she saw I was bent on it she made no further protest, but I'm afraid she got so anxious and nervous over it that she came down to make inquiries. I know it was a great shock to her to learn the truth, just as it must have been a shock to my mother. Oh, I have been a weak fool! Jessie and mother have looked up to me as the man of the house, and believed that whatever I did was right. Now they see that I am——"

He choked up and Nick saw the tears in his eyes.

"Cheer up, old fellow! Don't be downhearted," said Nick, laying his hand on his shoulder. "You have made a mistake—a costly blunder—but you did it for the best, and your mother and sister will understand that. I feel dead sorry for you, old chap, and if I can help you in any way, let me know."

"You are kind to say so. I appreciate it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. After this deal of mine pans out, I'll lend you \$500 to make an attempt to recover what you've lost, but you must work under my advice. I have been lucky in stocks, so far, and maybe you'll be, too, if you follow my lead," said Nick.

"And you are willing to do this for one who is almost a stranger to you?"

"We are not strangers now, old man. Let us consider ourselves comrades. I liked you at first sight, and that impression has grown upon me. Let us be real friends from this moment. There is my hand on it."

"And there is mine. You are a splendid fellow, and I consider it an honor to know you."

"Pooh! There's nothing extraordinary about me. By the way, you're out of a job at present, I take it?"

"Yes. After I left school I went to work in the office of a wholesale house on Worth street. I was with the firm three years. A month ago the house failed, and the receiver reduced the working force to save money. I was one of those

who had to go. Since then I have not been able to get another position."

"Well, it's going on to four, so I'm going to start for home. I live in New Rochelle, and have to get up to 42d street to connect with a train. I ride on a commuter's monthly ticket. If you have nothing on the cards in the morning, I'll meet you at the little bank on Nassau street. Do you know where it is?"

"No."

"Then let's walk up there and I'll show you."

Harry Havens left the little park in better spirits than he had entered it. They walked up Broadway to Wall street, and down that narrow thoroughfare one block to Nassau street. Nick pointed out the little bank, which brokers generally regarded as a bucket shop in disguise, and Havens promised to meet him there at ten o'clock on the following morning. The two then went to the Brooklyn Bridge and mounted to the City Hall station of the Third avenue elevated railroad. They took an uptown train together. Nick said good-bye at the 42d street station, and took the shuttle train to the Grand Central station and was soon on his way home.

When he got to his house he said nothing about having parted company with Tuckerman & Craig. What his folks didn't know wouldn't trouble them, and Nick figured that as long as he was able to turn in his pay every Saturday, as usual, there was no special reason why his folks should know that things had changed with him in Wall Street. He took his regular train next morning for the city and reached the financial district at about his usual time. After strolling around for half an hour, he went to the little bank, where he found the large waiting room was filling up with customers and loungers. Nick took a seat well forward on the center isle and waited. He laid his hat on the next chair to reserve it for his new friend. As ten o'clock approached a small boy appeared at the corner of the platform where the blackboard stood. It wanted a minute of ten, when Harry Havens appeared in the room and, locating Nick, came up to him.

"Good morning, Havens! Take this seat," said Nick. "How did things go off when you got home?"

"Nothing was said to me till I opened the subject. My sister then told me she had called at Tuckerman & Craig's, and that Mr. Tuckerman had received her and explained that an unexpected slump in the market had wiped my account with the firm out, leaving me in debt to them for their commission. He said that under the circumstances he would let the commission go, but with the understanding I was not to call there any more. He said stock gambling was bad business for people with small capital. Had I been able to put up the additional margin called for, I would have saved myself. He was very sorry I had been on the losing side. The firm preferred that their customers should win, for it made more business for them. He hoped the lesson would keep me away from Wall Street, which, he said, was strewn with financial wreckage. My sister said that Mr. Tuckerman spoke like a man who was full of the milk of human kindness, and

assured her that the firm was in no way responsible for the loss I had sustained," said Havens.

"Yes, Mr. Tuckerman can put on angel's wings sometimes," said Nick.

The young fellow remained in the little bank until half-past twelve, when Nick invited Havens to take lunch with him. They walked around to the Curb and watched operations there for half an hour. They returned to the little bank at two and stayed till the Exchange closed at three. Idaho Copper closed at 25 1-2. Next day was Saturday and the copper stock went up another half point during the morning session. Havens didn't come downtown, and Nick took the one o'clock train home. During the following week Idaho Copper advanced to 32.

On the succeeding Monday there was a general boom in copper, and Idaho went to 36. Nick thought the prospects looked so good that he held on, and next day the price went to 40. The Curb was the scene of great excitement, and Nick put in his time there. On Wednesday the boom continued, and people went wild over the copper advance. At one o'clock, when Nick got back to the Curb from lunch, Idaho had reached 45.

"That's good enough for me," he said to himself. "I don't believe it'll go much higher, anyhow."

He saw Broker Hartley in the crowd, and rushed up to him, telling him to sell his 300 shares. The broker offered it right away and got rid of it in no time. Nick figured that he had won a profit of about \$6,000, which was twice as much as he had expected to make.

CHAPTER IV.—Nick Goes the Limit Again and Wins.

Believing that a slump was bound to come in copper, as all stocks looked top-heavy, Nick arranged with Broker Hartley to sell 900 shares of Idaho Copper for his account, and hold what was coming to him as marginal security.

"You're getting to be a regular speculator, Brown," said Hartley. "Are you going to follow the game up?"

"Until I make a fortune or go busted," replied Nick.

"You evidently believe that there will be an immediate decline in copper?"

"It looks that way to me. Idaho never was so high before."

Nick was selling short—that is, disposing of what he didn't have. It would be up to him to buy those 900 shares in order to deliver them to the persons who had bought of him. If the stock continued to go up, he would lose by the operation. If, on the contrary, it went down, he would make the difference. The Curb had hardly opened for business next morning before there was a break in copper. The break caused a slump and copper dropped ten points by two o'clock. Then Nick ordered Hartley to buy in 900 shares at 35.

This was done, and the shares were duly delivered and paid for, Nick clearing \$9,000 profit. When he got home that day he found a letter for him from Havens. He had secured a position

in a wholesale house in Franklin street, and he wrote to inform Nick of the fact, also to invite him to his house on the following Sunday afternoon. Nick sent him word that he would call and congratulate him on securing a job.

Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon Nick came to New York and called at the flat where the Havens family lived. Havens met him at the door and took him into the parlor, which was plainly but neatly furnished. In a little while Jessie Havens came in and Nick was presented to her. She was a lovely girl, and Nick was more taken than ever with her. Presently the little mother appeared and Nick was introduced to her. She told the Wall Street boy how glad she was that her son had made his acquaintance, as he had few associates he could really call friends.

Nick passed a pleasant afternoon and took tea with the Havens family. He easily saw that the relationship between mother, son and daughter was closer than exists in most families. He found that Jessie had been taking stenographic and typewriting lessons with the view of helping out the family resources.

"Do you think you could find a chance for my sister in Wall Street?" said Harry.

"I'll make inquiries; but brokers require an expert and experienced person," replied Nick.

"The head of the school she has been attending will recommend her as being fully competent to fill all requirements."

"Such a recommendation will be of great service to her."

"She will work for moderate wages at first if she could get a nice place."

"I'll do all I can to find her a first-class place," said Nick.

"I knew you would do as much for her as you would for me. You're a good fellow, and I consider myself fortunate in having you for a friend."

"The feeling is mutual, I assure you, Harry. Now that you have a position, I suppose you can't take advantage of my offer to give you a chance in the market."

"Not very well, but I'm just as grateful to you."

"Say, the idea just occurred to me that if your sister went into business on her own hook as a public stenographer she would ultimately do a great deal better than if she took an office position."

"She'd have to have an office and advertise herself, and I hardly think we can afford that expense."

"I'll provide a suitable office and help her to get work, and she can pay me by looking after the place while I'm out."

Nick outlined the chances that a public stenographer had to make good money, and soon afterward took his leave of the family. Next day, believing that his offer would be accepted by Miss Havens, he began looking about for an office in the big Wall Street buildings. He found a medium-sized room on the eleventh floor of the Carter Building, and rented it. Then he went around and bought the necessary furniture, including a second-hand safe. Before having a painter put his name on the door he waited

to hear from Miss Havens. He had written her brother that he had picked out a room and was having it furnished to suit himself. He got a reply from Harry that his sister had decided to take up with his offer for which she was very grateful. Nick wrote back saying that he would have her name put on his door in small letters, and would insert a standing advertisement in one of the papers stating that she was prepared to do all kinds of typewriting and take dictation at a reasonable price. He rented a typewriter for her and had everything ready when she came down with her mother to see the office.

"I really can't thank you enough, Mr. Brown," said Jessie, after she and her mother had commented favorably on the office. "It is so kind of you to offer me the chance of trying to build up a business for myself."

"Don't mention it, Miss Havens. I'm glad to be of service to you," said Nick.

That afternoon he got two customers for her on that floor, and with these as a beginning she started in next morning. After the decline the copper situation remained quiet for a week, and then it began to look up again. Nick decided that Montana Copper looked pretty good, so he bought 1,000 shares of it at 50. In a few days it went to 55 and Nick sold out, adding \$5,000 to his capital. He was returning to his office after making the sale, when he met Mr. Tuckerman on the street. The broker frowned and passed him by without recognition. Nick took advantage of his absence from the office to make a call there and see his old friend the cashier.

"How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?" he said through the window.

"Why, hello, Brown! Glad to see you! Where are you working?"

"I have an office in the Carter Building, Room 1145."

"You have an office? What do you mean by that?"

"I'm using it as my headquarters, where I can receive mail and be seen by my friends when I'm in."

"I suppose that is one of your jokes?"

"No; here's one of my cards."

"What kind of business are you carrying on there?"

"I'm a copper speculator."

"A copper speculator! That's pretty good."

"Yes; it's pretty good for a boy of my size."

"Where did you get your money to speculate in copper?"

"Oh, I made it out of the market while I was working here. I don't mind admitting that now since I'm out of the office."

"You'd better come inside and tell the clerks and see if they'll believe you."

"It won't worry me any if they don't believe me. I'm making more money in five minutes as my own boss than I got out of this office in a year."

Nick walked out before Jenkins could pass any farther remarks.

CHAPTER V.—Nick Buys the Marathon Mine for a Song.

When Nick reached his office he found that Jessie Havens had secured a third customer—a

man who had an office on the floor above, and whose business did not warrant his keeping a regular stenographer.

"You're doing fine!" said Nick. "How did he find out about you?"

"He saw the advertisement you put in the Wall Street Argus for me. Really, you are awfully good to me, Mr. Brown. I'll be able to get on very nicely now," she said.

"I'm glad to hear it."

Nick took up a Wall Street paper and spent the next hour reading it, together with a Western mining paper, while the girl worked away at her typewriter. Then the door opened and Fred Merritt, Tuckerman & Craig's margin clerk, walked in.

"Hello, Brown! I see you really have an office," he said, looking curiously at Miss Havens, who was very busy.

"Sure! Take a seat," said Nick.

"You've got a stenographer, too. What kind of business are you doing, anyway? Your door doesn't state, neither does your card."

"Well, if you want to know, I'm at present an operator in copper."

"An operator in copper! Speculating, you mean?"

"Yes."

"It looks strange for a messenger boy to be able to hire an expensive office and set himself up as his own boss."

"Strange things are happening all the time."

"Are you speculating for yourself, or for other people?"

"For myself."

"But you must be doing something else to keep a stenographer busy."

"She isn't working for me."

"No?"

"Didn't you notice her name in small letters on the door as a public stenographer?"

"I didn't take notice of it. All that attracted my attention was your name, and then I walked in."

"Then look again when you walk out."

"How long have you been here—ever since you left us?"

"No; only a few days."

"Do you expect to make things pan out?"

"I hope so. I made \$5,000 to-day. That's doing pretty well."

"Well, you must be a hummer if you have done as well as you claim," said Merritt, getting up and saying he must go to lunch and get back to the office.

When he returned to the office and made his report, the other clerks told him that Nick had been fooling him. Nick concluded as he had an office he might as well make as much use of it as he could, so he put a standing advertisement in several Wall Street papers to the effect that he bought and sold copper and other mining stocks on commission. A few days later a woman called and asked for Mr. Brown.

"That's my name, ma'am," said Nick, who happened to be in at the time.

"Do you buy copper stock?" she asked.

"I buy it for customers on commission and I sell shares the same way."

"I've just come from the West. My name is

Mrs. Jackson. I have come to New York to dispose of the controlling interest in the Marathon Copper Mine, of Idaho, which my husband has given to me. It comprises 50,100 shares."

Nick had recently read a long account about the Marathon Mine in a Western paper. According to the story, the mine had proved a failure and was on the market.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Jackson, that you won't be able to sell the stock, for the mine has been pronounced a failure, and consequently it will be difficult to find any one with money who would care to sink it in such a proposition."

"I will sell it cheap."

"If the mine is a failure I don't see what good the stock is at any price."

Mrs. Jackson had visited a dozen of the best mining brokers in Wall Street and all of them had given her the same answer.

"Wouldn't you try to sell it?"

"What's the use, ma'am? I am sure I could not interest anybody in it."

After some further talk Mrs. Jackson went away, leaving her address. Two days afterward a man came in and asked for Nick. The young speculator was out at the time and Miss Havens said she didn't know when he would be in. The man said he'd call again, and got nearly to the door when Nick came in.

"There's Mr. Brown now," said the stenographer.

"Do you want to see me, sir?" asked Nick.

"Yes. You buy and sell copper and other stock, I believe?"

"I do, on a commission basis."

"My name is Lansing. I have a quarter interest, 24,950 shares, in an Idaho copper mine called the Marathon. I'd like to sell it for the best price I can get."

"There's no market in New York for such a mine as the Marathon," replied Nick, and he told him about Mrs. Jackson trying to sell her shares.

"Why not?"

"Because it's a dead proposition."

"So you don't think you could sell it?"

"No."

"Why don't you buy it yourself on a chance? You're young, and some day it might turn out a winner. I'll let you have my shares for \$500, and you can buy Mrs. Jackson out for \$1,000. That will give you a three-quarter interest in the mine for \$1,500."

"But if the mine has no value, why should I sink \$1,500 in it?"

"It's worth that to take a gambler's chance."

"I don't know about that. Who is the man that owns the rest of the stock?"

"A fellow named Jack Smith, a practical miner. He's hanging around the property now, dead broke."

"Which is a sign that he can't sell his interest at any price."

"He doesn't want to sell it. He believes it is a good thing."

"If Mrs. Jackson will sell her stock for a cent a share and you will do the same, I'll take a chance on it."

"Is that the best you will do?"

"Yes."

"I will see her about it, and if she's willing

to do it I'll bring her down here. It's like giving it away."

After he had gone away, Nick began to think he had been a fool to make an offer of even such a small sum as \$750 for a three-quarters interest in a dead copper mine. It was certain he could not buy the tenth part of a mine that had any prospects at all for such a beggarly sum. He put on his hat and went to Broker Hartley's office. That gentleman was in, and Nick told him about the visits he had had from the two people who owned most of the capital stock in the Marathon Copper Mine. Hartley laughed.

"Why, they've been all over the Street trying to sell that stock," he said. "It isn't worth the price of the paper it's printed on."

"Which means that the mine is regarded as being absolutely worthless?"

"That's it exactly."

On the following day Lansing and Mrs. Jackson appeared with a big bundle of Marathon certificates and said they were ready to take up with Nick's offer.

"I'm sorry I made the offer," said the Wall Street boy to them, "for I've consulted authorities on the subject and have been informed that the Marathon mine is generally looked upon as a worthless proposition. However, as I made the offer, I'll stick to it, and will pay you the money. I shall frame one of the certificates and hang it up in the office as an object lesson for me to be more careful in the future."

"I disagree with you, sir," said Mrs. Jackson. "I think you are getting a good thing for nothing. If I didn't need the money badly, I wouldn't sell that stock at any such price. My husband put \$5,000 into the mine, and this stock I am selling you for \$500 represents that money. Some day that mine will pay."

"If it ever does, and I hold your shares, I'll make you a present of \$1,000 if I can find you. Have the shares been transferred to you?"

"Yes. The certificates have been made out in my name."

Nick produced the proper sale slips for his visitors to sign, which transferred their interest in the mine to him, and then paid them the money. And thus Nick became practical owner of the property that later was to make him a young copper king.

CHAPTER VI.—Thieves in the Night.

Nick sent to the proprietor of the Bald Eagle House at Freezeout, Idaho, for the books and other property belonging to the practically defunct Marathon Copper Mining Co., via the Wells Fargo & Co. express. He had been so advised by Lansing. He also wrote to Smith, whose first name was Jack, informing him that he had purchased all the interest in the Marathon Copper Mining Co., except what he held. He asked Mr. Smith to forward full particulars concerning the mine, and whether he thought it was worth developing further. He put the Marathon certificates in his safe, where they made a goodly pile.

His purpose to frame one of them he decided

to defer for a while. Next morning he noticed that copper was looking up again on the Curb, so he called on Hartley and gave him an order to buy 2,000 shares of Hurricane Island Copper, a promising mine, at the market price of 20, on margin, thereby going the limit once more. It seemed as if Hurricane Island had only been waiting for him to buy, for it commenced to go up at once. It went to 25 that day, to 27 the next, and to 30 on the third day. There it halted and Nick lost no time in selling out.

This short deal netted him \$20,000 profit, as much as he had made during the previous five weeks. Ten days after he bought the Marathon stock he received all the movable property belonging to the Marathon company, charges C. O. D.

He also received a rudely written letter from Jack Smith. Mr. Smith began by apologizing for pothooks, explaining that he was better able to sling a pick and a shovel than a pen. He said he was the man who discovered that there was copper in the neighborhood of Freezeout, and had induced Ephraim Jackson and Sid Lansing to go in with him, form a company and develop the property. They had put in \$7,500 and he put in nothing because he had nothing to put in. The money had been spent in work, but the copper had failed to materialize to any alarming extent. The enterprise, he admitted, had proved a failure, though when it started it had attracted so much attention that several other mines were begun in the immediate vicinity. They all suffered the same fate as Marathon.

He was glad to hear that Mr. Nicholas Brown had bought out the Jackson and Lansing interests, for maybe Mr. Brown was sport enough to advance some money for the purpose of pushing the interrupted work further. He gave all the information about the property and the neighborhood that he could crowd into the letter, and Nick, after reading it, felt that he had been much instructed. As he was now worth something over \$40,000, all made out of copper, he thought he could afford to put some of it into the Marathon Mine, on the chance that developments might happen. Accordingly, he wrote to Jack Smith, making him a proposition. He was ready to pay Smith's expenses and a little over if he would tackle the job of pushing a further investigation of the mine. If Smith needed help, he would pay for the services of one man. He would do better later if the prospects warranted a larger outlay. That's the way Nick put it to Smith, and having mailed the letter, he waited for the reply.

Decoration Day being at hand, Nick and Harry Havens arranged to take a trip down the New Jersey coast as far as Barnegat, going by rail on the afternoon of the day previous. They reached the inn about dark and were lucky to find one room at their disposal, for there were many visitors from the city putting up there. The boys were the first to retire to their room for the night, which they did about ten o'clock, and they turned in at once. Harry fell asleep almost immediately, but half an hour passed before Nick followed suit. Along about one o'clock in the morning Nick was awakened by the flashing of a light across his face.

"Only a couple of boys," he heard a voice say. "They're hardly worth plucking."

"They're bound to have some money about them to pay their way, so we might as well help ourselves to it," said his companion, in a low tone.

Nick was going to spring up and enter a strenuous objection to being robbed, when he saw that one of the intruders had a revolver in his hand. He concluded that it would be wise for him to keep quiet and pretend that he was still asleep. One of the men went through his clothes and the garments of Havens, transferring their funds and Nick's watch to his pocket. Again the lantern, a dark one, was flashed across the faces of the two boys, and the two rascals slipped over to the door and into the corridor outside. Nick at once jumped out of bed, ran to the door, and peeked out. The men were operating on the door of the adjoining room with a skeleton key.

They soon got in, and closed the door after them. Nick decided that it was his duty to hunt up the landlord's room, awaken him, and let him know what was going on. He hustled on his clothes and, taking his shoes in his hand, he left the room and went downstairs. As he expected, the house was closed up and the public room was deserted. He had not the remotest idea where the landlord's room was, but believed it was in the wing at the back of the inn. He opened a door, and, striking a match, saw a staircase before him. He mounted this and found himself in a different corridor to the one on which his own room was. It was shut off from the rest of the house by a door.

The door nearest to him was locked, and the boy was on the point of knocking in order to arouse the inmate, whoever he or she might be, when he noticed that the key stood in the lock. From that fact he judged that no one was in the room, as a person could not very well lock themselves in and leave the key on the outside. He was about to pass on to the next door when he thought he heard a noise inside. That induced him to unlock the door and look in. The room was dark, but his eyes being accustomed to the gloom, he made out the form of a man in a chair.

He heard a gurgling sound and saw the figure shuffle his bare feet on the carpet. Such a singular circumstance induced him to go forward and see what was the matter with the person. To his surprise he found it was the landlord, bound tightly to the heavy chair and gagged with a towel. This was, of course, the work of the robbers, and Nick hastened to free the proprietor of the inn. He first tore off the handkerchief.

"How did you get in this fix?" Nick asked him, though he had a pretty good idea about it.

"Two rascals surprised me in bed, and when I drew my revolver on them they proved too quick for me. Before I could cock it, they seized me and got the weapon away. Then they gagged me, pulled me out of bed and tied me to this chair. How happens it that you came to my relief? You sleep in the main part of the house. This is the back wing. Were you aroused by those men?"

"While Nick was making his explanation he was relieving the landlord of the light rope which

held him a prisoner. Relieved of the last strand, the landlord, whose name was Thompson, stood up.

"I'll get into my clothes," he said, "and then I'll see what can be done about catching those rascals. In the meanwhile, I wish you'd go to the end door on this side of the corridor and arouse my chief helper who sleeps there. Make as little noise as possible. Tell him to dress and come here. You can tell him there are thieves in the house."

Leaving Thompson to dress, Nick hurried to the room in question and knocked on the door. He had to repeat the knocking several times before he awakened the man inside.

"Hello! Who's there?" asked a voice at last.

"Open the door," said Nick.

The man jumped out of bed and opened the door.

"Who are you?" he asked, not recognizing the boy in the dark.

"I'm one of the guests here. There are thieves in the inn and Mr. Thompson told me to get you up. Put on your clothes, quick, and come to his room."

"Thieves!" said the man, clearly surprised at the information.

"Yes. Get a hustle on," said Nick, leaving him and returning to the landlord's room, where he found Thompson nearly ready for action.

"Open yonder closet door and get my shotgun," said the boniface.

Nick did so.

"You'll find some loaded cartridges on the shelf," said Thompson. "Shove a couple into the gun. It opens sideways by pressing the finger-piece between the triggers. You'll find a club in there which you had better take yourself."

By the time they were ready to leave the room the hired man appeared.

"Bring your revolver, Jones?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll start for the front of the house where the thieves are. They've been here, for they've robbed me of my money and my revolver, and tied me to that chair. Only this lad came and released me I'd be there yet," said Thompson.

The party proceeded cautiously toward the front of the house. Suddenly a racket arose, indicating that the thieves had aroused some guest who could not be silenced.

"Come on!" cried the landlord, opening the door between the two corridors.

Two men came rushing toward them from the front. A collision and mix-up followed, everybody going down on the floor. One barrel of Thompson's gun went off in the melee, but the hired man dropped his revolver. It fell into Nick's lap and the boy seized it and fired after the fleeing thieves, who were vanishing down the stairs.

pearing over the back fence into a field that lay between the house and a patch of wood. Nick followed them, but could see nothing of the fellows in the darkness of the night. He could see the dark patch of woods against the sky, and he judged that was where they were bound for. He reached the wood without seeing anything of them and stopped to consider whether he should return to the inn or look around a bit. He decided to do the latter, and pushed forward. He had proceeded several hundred feet straight ahead, and was beginning to think he was on the wrong tack, when he heard voices ahead.

"There they are now," he said to himself, pushing cautiously forward.

The voices receded before him, and he followed with the revolver in his hand. The woods extended for some distance and finally ended at a creek, connecting with the long and narrow inlet known as Barnegat Bay. The men followed the creek in the direction of the inlet, and Nick followed them at a same distance. In this way they went on for perhaps half a mile, when an old abandoned fisherman's habitation, gone to decay, loomed up ahead. The men entered this.

Nick glided up to the house and looked through the window, where he saw the dim gleam of a candle they had lighted. The rascals were dumping the contents of their pockets out on the old rickety table. They had wads of bills to burn, several watches and chains, diamond pins, cuff buttons, charms, and other articles of value they had stolen from the rooms of the brokers. The purpose evidently was to divide the plunder between them evenly. One of them counted out the bills in two piles, while the other arranged the watches and other articles of jewelry on his side of the table for inspection and selection. Nick watched them for a while.

"We'll have over \$400 apiece in money," said the chap who was counting out the bills.

"This would be a good place to stay till morning, only it's rather close to the inn. They'll scout the whole neighborhood after us, and if they found us here, it would be all up with us."

"Where shall we go—keep on walking?"

"There's a boat down near the mouth of the creek. You saw her when we came along. We'll go aboard of her, sail up the bay to the edge of the marsh, drop anchor there, and turn in. We'll be safe there. We can afterward escape up the coast in her."

"That will be just the thing," said the other.

When Nick heard that arrangement made, he decided to get to the boat first. With that object in view, he left the hovel and continued on down the creek. He didn't have to go far before he saw the boat the crook had referred to. She was a large sailboat, with a trunk cabin, and was attached to the shore by her mooring-rope, which was tied to an old tree stump. A board led from the shore to her deck, forward of the cabin. Nick boarded her. The cabin door was secured by a padlock, but he judged that the robbers would not let a little thing like that stand in the way of getting into the place.

Going forward, Nick found what he expected—a scuttle cover, held by a hasp and staple. It was an easy matter to open it, and he let himself down into a small hole fitted up as a kitchen, with a small stove set in a shallow box of sand,

CHAPTER VII.—Nick's Night Adventure.

Nick was the first to get on his feet, and he rushed after the two crooks. By the time he found his way into the kitchen, which was the route taken by the rascals, they had fled through the door into the yard, and Nick saw them disap-

and various pots and pans hanging around—some against the cabin bulkhead and some around the stove. He shut the cover partly down and kept watch for the coming of the men. They appeared in about ten minutes. One went on board, took the stops off the mainsail and then called to his companion to cast off and come and help him. As the sloop floated away, the board fell into the water and the two men hoisted the sail.

The vessel slipped down the creek into the bay, and one of the men, taking the helm, turned her head in the direction of the big swamp. The wind was light so that it required little seamanship to work the boat, which continued to glide along till it reached the edge of the swamp.

When they reached a spot that suited them, one of the crooks walked forward, let the sail down, and threw the little anchor overboard. The depth of the water then was about four feet and the anchor landed among the marsh grass. Having effected their purpose, the men broke open the cabin door and entered the little cabin, which was equipped with two berths, laid on top of lockers, one on either side. Flashing a match, a reflector lamp was made out attached to the forward bulkhead. This was lighted and threw a good illumination about the cabin. There was a sliding panel in the bulkhead through which dishes were passed from the kitchen into the cabin, and the reverse. Not being closed tight, a streak of light came through into the place where Nick sat curled up.

It attracted his attention and getting up cautiously, he peered through the crack. The crooks were peeling off a part of their garments preparatory to turning in on the bunks. One of them shut the cabin sliding door about two-thirds and then turned out the lamp. Both got into their respective berths and, for a matter of ten minutes, talked across to each other. Then they quit and shortly their breathing told Nick that they were asleep. After waiting a while to give them time to get into a deep sleep, Nick took off his shoes, opened the scuttle and got on deck. He slipped lightly aft and got down into the cockpit.

Softly closing the sliding door entirely, he looked at the fastening. The stout hasp had been wrenched out entirely, splitting the wood that had held it. The question was how could he fasten the door so the men could not force it when they woke up to the situation? After some reflection he saw if he could find a stout piece of wood of the right length to brace the door tightly shut, he would solve the problem. But where was he to find it? He returned to the kitchen, struck a match, and looked around the place.

There was a piece of wood standing in one corner that would answer if it were shorter. He wondered if he could cut it around with his knife enough to enable him to break it off. It looked like a long job and might not succeed in the end. Then his eyes alighted on a small saw hanging against the wall.

"That will do the trick in a few minutes," he said, reaching for the implement.

He carried the saw and the piece of wood on the bows. He had to return to the cockpit to measure the exact length necessary. Going back to the bow he laid the wood across the jib can-

vas and sawed away as softly as possible. It took him about five minutes to do the work. Having accomplished it, he went to the cockpit and soon had the door braced so securely that a giant inside could not have budged the door. Regaining the bow, he pulled up the anchor, which was not a heavy one, and by pulling on the reeds he gave the sloop a start down the waterway. She went slowly, stern first, as the tide was slack, and there was no current in the march. At length she floated into the bay and clear of the marsh.

As Nick had never been at Barnegat before, he had absolutely no knowledge of the bay, or where he would find a landing. Keeping close into the shore, he worked his way up the bay and in twenty minutes he made out one of the many landings. He ran the boat in and made fast to the small wharf. Although there were many houses close by, he could not make them out in the darkness, and the locality wearing a very lonesome look at that hour, he concluded to stay by the boat. Descending into the kitchen, he braced himself against the bulkhead to wait for daylight. As he had slept only three hours that night, and the exertion he had been out to had tired him out, he soon began to nod, and inside of ten minutes he was as fast asleep as the two crooks in the cabin.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Thieves See Their Finish.

It was daylight when Nick awoke with a start. A loud thumping was going on at the cabin door, proving conclusively that the crooks had discovered they were locked in. Nick felt that no time was to be lost now, so he hustled out of the kitchen, fastened the scuttle as he had found it, and looked around. He saw two roughly dressed men not far away, looking in the direction of the sloop, their attention having been attracted by the pounding which proceeded from her. Nick jumped on the wharf and ran toward them.

"You belong around here, I suppose?" he said to the men.

They nodded, regarding him with some curiosity, for they recognized him as a stranger.

"I've got two thieves locked up in the cabin of that sloop," went on Nick.

"Two thieves," ejaculated one of the men, both looking their surprise.

"Yes; they are making an effort to break out. You hear the racket they are putting up. They entered the Barnegat Inn last night late, after everybody had gone to bed and were asleep, and stole over a thousand dollars' worth of money and valuables from the guests, mostly New York brokers. They stole my watch and money with the rest, and I spent a couple of hours or more on their track, and finally succeeded in capturing them. Now, how far is it to the Barnegat Inn from here?"

"About a mile," said one of the men.

"Can I get a messenger to go there and notify Mr. Thompson, the proprietor, that the thieves have been caught?"

"My son will go if you'll give him a dime."

"I doubt if I've got a cent in my clothes. I'll tell the landlord in my note to pay him a quarter for taking the message."

"All right," said the man.

Nick took out his memorandum book and, tearing out a leaf, wrote the following:

"Mr. Thompson:—You missed me after the thieves got away. I followed the rascals; have got them cornered in the cabin of a sloop where they can't get away. Send several men with the bearer of this note to take charge of the rascals. Hand the bearer a quarter for his trouble in bringing you this note.

"NICK BROWN."

Nick folded the paper, addressed it to Mr. Thompson, and handed it to the man.

"Rush this to the inn by your son," he said. "Tell him to make the best time he can and he'll get a quarter for it."

As the man moved off, Nick asked the other to go with him to the sloop to help keep the two crooks in subjection, in case they succeeded in breaking open the cabin door. They went to the boat and boarded her.

"Hello, in there! What are you making all that noise about?" asked Nick.

"Who are you?" returned one of the crooks.

"I'm a good-sized boy. You seem to be locked in."

"Let us out, will you?"

"I'd rather not, for I'm afraid you are desperate characters."

After a hurried consultation they made another request to be let out.

"Not much. You'll stay in there till the police come after you," said Nick.

A chorus of imprecations was thrown at him and they commenced to batter on the door again, one of the rascals using the butt of Thompson's revolver. The sliding door happened to be made of strong wood, which resisted all their efforts, and so they made little impression on it.

"Keep it up if it amuses you!" cried Nick.

They stopped for a while and then began again, but with no better success. Time passed and by and by a light wagon came dashing down the road from Barnegat village. Half a dozen men besides the driver were in it, and prominent among them was Landlord Thompson.

"Hello, Mr. Thompson!" said Nick, going forward to meet the vehicle when it stopped and the bunch got out.

"So you've got the rascals, have you, Brown?" said Thompson. "I don't see how you managed to capture them."

"Never mind that now. I'll tell you all about it later. The men, with all their plunder, are in the cabin of that sloop. As one of them is armed, and perhaps both, you'll have to be careful in securing them. I've got your hired man's gun, so I'll help you intimidate them," said Nick.

The Wall Street boy stepped on the roof of the cabin, revolver in hand, two of the men with revolvers got into the cockpit. The piece of wood was removed and the door slid back.

"Come out, you chaps!" cried one of the men, flourishing his weapon.

The crooks refused to come out, and swore they'd shoot the first person that stepped inside

to take them. Seeing matters were at a deadlock, Nick got an idea and proceeded to carry it out. He went forward, descended into the kitchen, pulled the panel back and covered the rascals with his revolver.

"You'd better give up," he said.

They turned around on hearing his voice and were staggered to see a pointed revolver. The men in the cockpit now took advantage of the chance to rush in and overpower them. The prisoners were put into the wagon, and with Nick added to the party, the wagon dashed back toward Barnegat village. The rig stopped at the inn to let Nick get out and then went on to the station house, where the crooks were locked up on the charge of burglary.

The money and other articles of value stolen from the guests of the inn were found on their person, and the authorities took charge of the property. In the meanwhile, Nick entered the inn and was immediately surrounded by the brokers, with his friend Harry in the background. He told the story of his night's adventure which had resulted in the capture of the thieves, and his audience, to a man, declared that he was a fine, plucky chap. They all knew now that he was connected with Wall Street, for Havens had told them so and that he was in business for himself in the Carter Building.

By the time Nick had finished his story breakfast was announced, and all hands went into the dining room to partake of it. By the time they were through with the meal Thompson returned and told them that the thieves had been locked up and would be brought before the magistrate that morning at eleven. He said that all who had been robbed should appear in court to clinch the charge against the rascals.

"Say, Nick," said Harry, when they had a chance for a quiet talk together, "do you know I didn't learn anything about the robbery until I got up this morning. Finding you up and out of the room, I judged that you had arisen early, and I started to look you up. Then I found out what had happened during the night and learned from the landlord that you had not been seen since the thieves escaped."

"You missed an exciting time, then," said Nick.

"Yes, but not half so exciting as the time you had chasing the rascals. You had a great nerve to follow them, and the way you caught them was mighty clever."

The guests of the inn were all in the little court at eleven o'clock. The prisoners were brought in and pleaded "Not guilty." The landlord then told his story, Nick told his, and the broker who had given the crooks the first fight told his. The other brokers detailed about the sum they had lost in money, and all the watches and jewelry were recognized by their owners.

The magistrate considered the case a clear one against the prisoners, and he remanded them to the county town to stand trial for their crime. The police said they would have to retain the stolen articles to be used as evidence at the trial, but the money they handed over to the landlord to be returned to his guests. On going back to the inn, Thompson proceeded to get a statement from his guests as to the amount they had lost. No one but the two boys could give the exact sum he had lost, so after Nick and Havens got

what was coming to them, the rest was divided as near as possible among the brokers.

Those gentlemen held a pow-wow at once and made up a purse of \$500 which one of them presented to Nick, with a neat speech, stating that he well deserved that small evidence of their appreciation. Although \$500 cut very little ice with the young copper speculator, now that he was worth \$42,000 in cash, he accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered to him and thanked the donors. Nick and Harry spent the day getting acquainted with the neighborhood, and after an early supper took leave of the other guests and started by train for Jersey City. Nick reached the Grand Central depot in time to catch the theater train for New Rochelle, which left at half-past eleven, and an hour later he was home.

CHAPTER IX.—Nick Still Successful in Copper.

On the following day Consolidated Copper began going up, and Nick, thinking he saw a good chance to make another addition to his capital, called upon Hartley and ordered 2,000 shares bought at 24, on the usual margin. Consolidated went up a point that day, and there was a great deal of business done in it. It went up two points next day and the Curb brokers were overwhelmed with buying orders. That gave the price a further boost of a point, and it looked as if there was a boom on.

Big holders began dumping large amounts of stock on the market, which caused a reaction. Nick hung around the Curb watching matters with an eagle eye. As soon as he saw that a lot of stock was being offered, he rushed up to Hartley and told him to sell his stock. His prompt action enabled him to get out at the right moment, for the stock began to decline at a steady rate. The army of small buyers then took alarm and rushed in their selling orders. The result was a slump. The price dropped down to 20 inside of an hour, and nearly all the speculators lost more or less money.

Nick sat in his office complacently regarding the fact that he was now worth \$50,000, when the door opened and a bunch of brokers entered. They were some of the gentlemen who had been down at Barnegat over Decoration Day, and who owed the recovery of their stolen property to the young copper speculator. They were interested in the fact that their young friend had an office in Wall street, as they knew he wasn't a broker, so they wanted to find out what he was doing to make a living.

"Hello, Brown!" said Fish, who led the procession. "We thought we'd give you a call. I hope we are not intruding."

"Not at all, Mr. Fish," said Nick. "Glad to see you, gentlemen. Make yourselves at home."

The bunch cast admiring glances at Jessie Havens, who was just finishing her work for the day.

"You've got a nice little office here, Brown," said Fish. "What's your line of business?"

"Oh, I'm an operator in copper."

"An operator in copper!" exclaimed Fish, in some surprise.

"I'm also interested in a copper mine."

"You don't say! What's the name of the mine?"

"It's not on the market as yet. It is practically only a prospect. If it pans out, you will hear about it."

"Have you much interest in this prospective mine?"

"I own a three-quarter interest in it."

"Well, well, you may be a young copper king yet. Where is the property situated?"

"In Idaho."

"There is copper out there—several fields of it. If you're within the belt, you may have a good thing. How came you to get hold of it?"

"The people who had control of it sank all their funds trying to make it pay, and, having reached their tether, and believing the ground never would pan out, they offered their holdings cheap. I bought them out as I would take a chance at a grab-bag, and I am going to develop the property. If I don't make a strike, I'll lose my money; if I do, then I'll be a winner. It's a sort of gamble, anyway."

"Why don't you form a company, advertise the stock for sale, and get the public to take part of the risk off your hands?"

"Because I think I've got enough money to go it alone. I've made a good bunch of money on the copper market and can afford to operate a fad. Copper has made a number of men millionaires several times over. I'd like to be a copper magnate myself and stand in with the bunch. At any rate, there is always a steady demand for copper, and the demand is growing all the time. The man with a copper mine at his back is not likely to be bothered much over the high cost of living."

At that point Miss Havens finished up, put on her things, said good afternoon to Nick, and departed.

"That's a fine little girl you have," said Broker Warren.

"Yes. I am acquainted with her family, and I'm bound to say they are the nicest people I've ever met," replied Nick.

"I wish my stenographer were like her," said Warren. "The young lady who honors me with her services is almost too good-looking to work in an office. She has such a high opinion of herself that one has to handle her with gloves. I put up with her frills because she is smart and does her work in fine style, but sometimes you'd think she owned the office."

"Now that my young lady has departed, I'll ask you to have a cigar, gentlemen," and Nick pulled a box of prime smokes out of a drawer and passed it around. All hands accepted a weed, and the office was soon filled with smoke.

"Don't you smoke, yourself?" asked Fish.

"No," replied Nick; "I'm only a boy yet, and I don't think it does a boy any good to smoke, particularly cigarettes. The latter I consider a bad habit, for to properly enjoy such a small article as a cigarette I understand you have to inhale the smoke. Now, one's lungs were not made to take in anything but pure air. All tobacco smoke has a bluish tinge, due to the presence of nicotine. You draw that in and blow out a light-gray color. The nicotine remains either in your mouth or your lungs, or both. In the course of time your lungs get poisoned. The

membrane of the throat is also injured. It is also bad for the eyes, oculists say. So you see that smoking is a bad thing all around."

"Yes, I suppose so," nodded Fish; "but people will smoke, just the same."

"And they will drink, too, in spite of the fact that it is another bad practice and sends thousands annually to their graves before their time, not to speak about wrecking their prospects in life."

"From which I conclude you do not drink, either?"

"I do not, and mean to avoid it. I had an uncle who was a very brilliant man. He was in politics and held many responsible positions, but he was cut off by over-indulgence in drink. Had he lived, he stood a chance of being nominated for Governor of his State. He was a splendid speaker, and had hosts of friends. Drink wrecked him at the height of his career."

"You hear that, Duncan?" said Fish, looking at one of the brokers. "You'd better cut out your mint juleps or you may see your finish!"

"Oh, there are others!" responded Duncan carelessly.

Nick thought enough had been said on the subject, so he switched the conversation around to stocks, and he picked up considerable information about the market. The brokers remained an hour in his office and then went away. A week passed and Nick saw no chance to do anything worth while, so he lay on his oars and watched the course of the market.

About this time he received an answer from Jack Smith. That party said he would take up with Nick's offer and carry on the development of the mine as cheaply as possible. He said it was to his interest to do the right thing, for as matters stood his share in the property would stand him in nothing, but if an ore vein was discovered he stood to make money. He said that he couldn't guarantee that results would come of his labor on the property, but he believed they would. If he owned a controlling interest in the property and had \$10,000 cash, he would put every cent of it, if necessary, into an effort to develop the mine, since a lucky strike meant a fortune, and no man can hope to get hold of a good thing without taking more or less risk.

He thought if Nick took a trip out to Freeze-out and saw the country and made his personal acquaintance that it would be an advantage to both. Smith evidently supposed he was talking to a man, for he did not dream that a boy would go into a copper proposition of the kind, even if he had money. He didn't know what Nick had paid for Mrs. Jackson's and Lansing's interests in the property, but supposed they had received a great deal more than what the young copper speculator had paid them. Nick liked the tone of Smith's letter as a whole, and sent him \$100 by express, with the promise to continue the same until further notice. A day or two afterward Fred Merritt, of Tuckerman & Craig, dropped in again to see if he was still at the same place, and found he was.

"Making any more big stakes?" grinned Merritt.

"Yes. I made \$20,000 at a clip a while ago," replied Nick.

"Say, you must be worth a quarter of a million by this time."

"Oh, no; I'm a long way from that figure yet. However, I expect to make a million or two out of a copper mine I am interested in."

"A copper mine!"

"I have a three-quarter interest in one out in Idaho."

"You certainly tell things well, old man. Six months ago you were a messenger in our office, and now you own a copper mine and make \$20,000 at a clip. You are a cuckoo for fair."

"I am sorry if you think I'm telling you things that are not true, but I assure you that I have stated nothing but facts."

"Well, your facts sound ridiculous to me. From messenger to mine owner would be a good title for a newspaper story about you. It's a wonder the reporters haven't discovered you and written you up."

"Doubtless they will if the mine ever turns out a winner."

"Then you don't claim it's a winner already?"

"Certainly not. I couldn't get \$100 for it at this moment, though it's cost me about ten times that."

"What's the name of this mine, or has it got one?"

"Yes, it's got one, but I'm not saying what it is."

"It's a mine of great expectations, but no results—is that it?"

"Perhaps so. Had your lunch yet?"

"No. I'm going to it now," said Merritt, rising.

"Then lunch with me."

"Sure. I'm always ready to eat at anybody's expense."

Nick put on his hat and they went out together.

CHAPTER X.—Nick Goes West.

When Nick got back from his lunch he sat down to read a Western mining paper. Presently the door opened and Mr. Craig walked in. Nick was rather astonished to see him, but he jumped up and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Craig! Glad to see you. Take a seat."

"Good afternoon, Brown!" said the junior partner of Tuckerman & Craig. "I've heard you were in business for yourself, but I couldn't believe it, so I came here to see if the statement is really a fact."

"It's a fact, all right."

"It appears to be. What kind of business are you engaged in? You have no sign on your door except your name."

"I am speculating in copper, and I am also interested in a copper mine."

"How are you interested in a mine?"

"I bought a large interest in a copper mining property out in Idaho, which I am trying to develop into a real mine."

Nick talked like a capitalist, and Craig did not know what to make of his statements. It was only a short while since that the boy was the messenger for his firm, and now he talked like a man of large business interests.

"Upon my word, young man, I don't quite get you. I can understand that you might be speculating in a small way in copper, but you wouldn't need an office to carry on that business. I can't understand where you would get the money to pay the cost of developing a mining property. Have you come into a considerable legacy?"

"No. I've made all my money out of the recent rise and fall in copper. I had only a small capital when I left your office, but I went the limit with it and have been fortunate enough to win every time. I made \$20,000 alone on the ten-point rise in Hurricane Island Copper, and altogether I've done mighty well since I parted from the messenger business."

Craig fairly gasped at his statement.

"I don't see how you could have been so successful," he said.

"You would, if I went into particulars, but there is no occasion for that."

"You appear to be a wonder."

"No, I'm not a wonder. I'm only unusually lucky, like sundry other people who know how to take advantage of the chances that come their way."

"You astonish me, at any rate. Mr. Tuckerman won't believe me when I tell him."

"I suppose not, but that isn't worrying me."

"I suppose you're sore on him for discharging you?"

"Considering that I was with your firm three years and always gave satisfaction, I think he didn't treat me first rate."

"You criticized the methods of the firm toward a customer, and it was hardly your place to do that."

"I admit that, Mr. Craig, but my remark was only addressed to the customer himself, and would not have gone any further. It was drawn from me through sympathy with the young fellow's hard luck. I would have apologized had Mr. Tuckerman not jumped on me the way he did."

"All right. We won't discuss the matter. I am glad to hear you are doing well enough to support an office of this kind. You couldn't do it unless you were making money. Good-by."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Craig," said Nick politely.

Next day Nick noticed that United Copper was advancing, and he bought 3,000 shares outright, at \$12, which cost him \$36,000. He got it, as usual, through Broker Hartley. In the course of three days it went to 25 3-4, and as that was a good price for it, Nick sold out and added \$10,500 to his winnings. Summer was now practically on and the stock market got slow.

Nick judged that there would be little doing for the next two months, so he thought he would take a trip out to Idaho and make the acquaintance of Jack Smith, and see what sort of property the Marathon was, anyway. With that object in view, he proceeded to astonish his father and mother with the intelligence that he had been out of the employ of Tuckerman & Craig for over seven months and in business on his own hook. When he stated that he was worth \$60,000 and had a big interest in a copper property, his folks nearly fell off their chairs with amazement. As a matter of fact, it took some strong talk on Nick's part to induce them to give the fact credence.

"How could you make \$60,000 in such a short time?" asked his father.

"Through speculation. For the past two years I've been taking chances in the market on the quiet. I had to do it on the quiet while I was working for Tuckerman & Craig, for employees are not supposed to speculate in stocks. I began with a venture of \$50, and when I had the run-in with the senior boss I had made \$3,500. As soon as I became my own boss, luck came in big chunks. I began by making \$6,000 by a rise in Idaho Copper, and then I made \$9,000 more on the slump that followed. A quick deal in Montana Copper netted me \$5,000. Hurricane Island Copper turned me in \$20,000, and my last two deals, \$18,000. There you are."

"Where do you keep this money—in your office safe?"

"No; in my safe deposit box. There's nothing in my safe but the stock certificates representing my three-quarter interest in the Marathan Copper Co. of Idaho. They cost me \$750."

"Do you mean to say that you bought a copper mine for that price?"

"I bought a three-quarter interest in the company which owns the property for that sum, but the mine is simply a prospect. It may pan out some time, and it may never be worth its salt. I'm going to see what the thing amounts to."

He told his folks the particulars of his purchase of the stock, and it was his father's opinion that he had thrown his money away. Nick didn't agree with him, though he had to admit that he had no very stable grounds on which to base a different conclusion. A week later he started for the Northwest, leaving his office in charge of Jessie Havens, who was doing very well now in her business. In due time Nick got off the train at the nearest point to Freezeout, which was some distance to the north, and finished his journey by a stagecoach. He found Freezeout a rough-looking village of scattered houses and learned from the driver of the stage that there was a productive copper mine within a mile of the place. The coach stopped at the Bald Eagle House and Nick alighted from it. The mail bag was thrown off and then the vehicle went on its way. The young copper speculator from New York asked the proprietor of the cheap-looking hotel if he could be accommodated with room and board for a few days.

"I allow you kin, pard. Are you from the East?"

"Yes."

"What part of the East?"

"New York City."

"Waal, you can't get no high-toned hotel accommodations here. I kin give you a small room with a bed in it and three square meals a day. The damage will be \$2 a day, payable every night if you hain't got no trunk, or \$10 a week in advance."

"I'll pay you for one week. If I stay longer I'll arrange with you for the balance," said Nick, handing him a \$10 bill.

"All right, stranger. You kin stay as long as you like if you've got the mazuma. It's money that makes the mare go. Put your name down in the book."

Nick put his name in the large, black book that

did duty for a register, and then asked the proprietor if he knew a man named Jack Smith.

"I'll allow I do. He boards here."

"Where is he now?"

"I reckon he's over at the Marathon mine."

"Whereabouts is that property?"

"About two miles over yonder, near the river."

"It's a copper prospect, isn't it?"

"Yes; more prospect than copper, though Smith claims it will turn up a winner yet."

"What do you think about it?"

"Waal, there hain't been no copper found on that side of the valley yet."

"But there is a producing copper mine near here."

"Yes, but it's on this side of the valley. You kin see the works from the door, about a mile over yonder," and the landlord waved his arm.

"I suppose I can get somebody to show me over to the Marathon property?"

"My boy'll do it, but if it's Smith you want to see you kin just as well wait here. He'll be over to dinner in about an hour."

"I'll wait, then. I am not personally acquainted with him, so when he comes in I want you to point him out to me."

"I'll do it. Are you thinking of—let me see, your name is——"

The landlord, whose name was Jake Weed, turned to look at the book, but the boy saved him the trouble by giving his name.

"Nick Brown," said Weed. "Why, you're the chap that bought out Mrs. Jackson and Sid Lansing, hain't you? You sent for the company's property and I sent it on to you."

"You've got it right. I own three-quarters of the Marathon property."

"Waal, I hope you didn't give no fancy price for the stock, for if you did I reckon you'll be kind of disappointed in what you bought."

"I bought the stock cheap on a chance. I don't believe anybody else in New York would have bought it but me. There is no market there for mines considered worthless."

"Jest so. Smith'll tell you that you made no mistake, but if it was offered to me I dunno as I'd buy it at any price," said Weed. "Now, if it was on this side of the valley, there'd be some chance of finding copper."

"I don't see why there shouldn't be copper all over the valley as long as it has turned up in one part of it."

"Waal, people have hunted for it over there, but I hain't heard any has been found."

"Then why was the Marathon located on that side?"

"Because Smith, who's a practical prospector, claimed that the indications pointed to copper, and he induced Jackson and Lansing to put money up and form a company to take over his claims."

"I should think they would have accomplished something with an outlay of \$7,500."

"They didn't spend no such money on it."

"Lansing told me they did."

"Then he said more than his prayers. I don't believe they put in more'n \$1,500 altogether."

"Is that so? Mrs. Jackson wanted to get fifty cents a share for her stock at first, which would be \$25,000."

"Waal, if that doesn't beat the deck!" laughed the landlord. "Twenty-five thousand for a half

interest in a mine worth nothing. That's pretty good. Haw! haw!"

A couple of men came in for a drink at the bar, and they looked curiously at Nick, wondering who he was. While waiting on them, Weed told them the young stranger was the chap who had bought a large interest in the Marathon. The men laughed, for the Marathon was a standing joke in the neighborhood. The copper belt was not presumed to extend on that side of the valley, and the fact that nothing had turned up in the alleged mine so far appeared to clinch the impression.

The ground had been roughly prospected, but nobody save Jack Smith had confidence enough in the ground to make a resolute effort to find copper near the river. Nick took a seat outside the door to await the coming of his business partner in the Marathon enterprise, and amused himself by viewing the rough country round about Freezeout.

CHAPTER XI.—The News That Jack Smith Had To Tell.

When noontime came about twenty boarders came trooping to the Bald Eagle House to get their dinner. They were all at the table when a bearded and tanned individual rode up from the direction of the river. Nick guessed this was Smith. As soon as he dismounted and tied his horse for the stable boy to take charge of, the young New Yorker went up to him.

"Are you Jack Smith?" he asked.

"That's my name. Who might you be?"

"I am Nick Brown."

"You are who?" ejaculated Smith, staring at the copper speculator.

"Nick Brown. I am the party you've been corresponding with."

"Why, you're only a boy!"

"That isn't my fault. I am the majority owner of the Marathon."

"Are you the party who sent me the \$100?"

"I am, and I've brought you another hundred. Having a little time at my disposal, I came out to see the property and the neighborhood, as you suggested I should do."

"Well, I'm glad to know you, Brown. I thought you were a Wall Street broker, or something of that kind."

"I'm a copper operator and have an office in Wall Street, as my letter head showed you. The fact that I'm a boy has nothing to do with business. I've got the money to push Marathon if there's anything in it, and that's all you care for, I guess."

Smith shook hands with him and told him it didn't make any difference whether he was a boy or not, as long as he was built of the right stuff.

"You've come just in time," he said. "Come in to dinner. After we get through I'll take you over to the property."

They went in to the dining room together, and Nick was piped off by every one present, as strangers always are. Besides, the report was being circulated around the room that he had bought out the Jackson and Lansing interests in the Marathon property and had come to Freezeout to view his purchase. He was, in consequence, the butt of many jokes, for it was the

general opinion that he had been well soaked, financially. Smith greeted the men at his table and introduced Nick to several of them.

Two girl waiters officiated, and the young copper speculator found the meal plain but substantial. As the landlord had told him, there were no frills put on at his house. The guests were not obliged to wear their jackets, or shirt collars if they didn't care to do so, which generally they didn't. You could eat with your knife, or hold your fork any way you chose, without drawing any attention to yourself. No liquor was served at the table. If you wanted it you had to go to the bar, drink there and have the price charged up against your account for the week.

The bill of fare that day consisted of roast beef, baked potatoes, a couple of other vegetables, with pickles and beets for side dishes, the whole topped off with rice pudding and coffee. Those who finished first filed outside, lit their pipes or cheap cigars and hung around the door for a short time, after which they started for their work. Nick and Smith finished about the same time, and left the table together.

"Have a cigar?" asked Smith, as they entered the public room where the bar was.

"No; I don't smoke," replied Nick.

Smith bought a couple of cigars for himself and then asked Nick if he could ride horseback.

"Yes, pretty good."

Smith ordered a horse saddled for his companion and charged up to him. When the two animals were led outside, they mounted them and started by a path that led down to the river.

"I said you had just come in time," said Smith, after they had gone a couple of hundred yards on their way.

"I remember you did," answered Nick. "Have you made any discoveries yet?"

"I have. I've hit a ledge of ore that would set the whole place wild if I let the news out."

"You really have?" cried Nick eagerly.

"I have. I've been following it for several days, and I feel certain it runs all the way through our property and right into the adjoining claims taken up here some months ago and then deserted. We must buy some more of the land running along the river, and we may end by becoming millionaires."

"I dare say it can be bought cheap."

"You can get all you want of it for a song, for nobody believes there is any copper over here. If I hadn't stuck it out that ledge would still be there, unknown. This opportunity we have for striking it rich is a chance in a lifetime. If you have money enough to open things up in shape, we stand to earn money almost from the start. The river will carry the ore down to Phoenix, where there are several smelters, and it can then be shipped East over the railroad. One of us, which would be you, would have to attend to the Phoenix end until you hired a responsible man to look after the business, for I suppose you have business in New York that requires considerable of your attention."

"If the Marathon Mine is turning out a winner, I shall give it all my attention, Mr. Smith, you may depend on that," said Nick.

They soon reached the Marathon property, the boundary lines of which Smith pointed out to Nick while they tied their horses to a tree.

"The ledge runs that way," and the copper prospector indicated the direction with a wave of his hand. "We must buy up a good bit of the land before we let out a hint of our discovery, because the moment the news gets around, there will be a rush to take up property on this side of the valley. It will be easy for you to get it cheap, as I said before. Nobody wants it, and you're just the person to buy it without arousing suspicion. The men around here think you've been taken in by Lansing and Mrs. Jackson and that you've paid a good price for a worthless property. I'll give out that you are impressed by my idea that there is copper over here and you are going to buy some more property around the Marathon. That will bring the owners of the claims to you, and you can offer them about half of what they ask. They will take you up. When we have secured as much ground as we think is necessary, then we can give the news of the discovery out whenever we think best."

Smith took Nick down into the mine and showed him the work that had been done with the help of the money put in by Jackson and Lansing. Then he took him into the new tunnel which he had excavated himself for a short distance to the point where he struck the copper.

"This ore probably runs a good distance down into the mine. You see, I've uncovered it for fifteen feet. There is no telling how thick it is. It runs, as I told you, on a line with the river as far as I've investigated. I think it is likely to continue on for some distance, that's why we ought to buy up the ground at this end of our property, and it will also be well to buy a claim at the other end, too; perhaps a couple of them. Now is the time when we want to make sure of what we ought to do, for after the news gets out our chances will be gone."

"I agree with you," said Nick.

"How much money have you to start operations with? If you haven't much to spare, we'll go slow at first, or we can reorganize the company, issue more stock and sell it; but that would be letting outsiders into a good thing, which we ought to keep to ourselves, if possible."

"We'll keep it to ourselves. I've got \$60,000 I can put into the work, if that is needed. I am game to go the limit when I am satisfied there is big money at the other end," said Nick.

"Sixty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Smith. "Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Then we can do things up brown and hold on to the mine ourselves. If there is as much copper in the ground over here as I believe there is, both our fortunes are made. Your three-quarter interest ought to land you a millionaire."

"I have no objections to that, Mr. Smith."

"Don't call me mister. I'm Jack Smith, and we are pards in this mine. In a few days you can open negotiations for the extra ground."

"I'll have to send to New York for the money I'll need to pay for it."

"Telegraph for it from Phoenix and have it sent by express. That will save time."

"I'll do that. After the land shall have been bought, I'll have to get the machinery you'll need to begin with."

"We won't require a big outlay at first. Half a dozen steam drills and an engine to furnish the

steam. The hoist we have will do. While we are waiting for the new drills we can use the old hand ones. We'll need 1,000 bags or so to put the ore in, for we won't make any shipment until we have a considerable amount of the ore out. We also need some better buildings than we have."

"Well, I look to you to run things as they should be run. You will be the working manager, while I'll furnish the money and attend to the business end," said Nick.

"Good!" said Smith. "You are the person to manage the output and look after the financial end. We won't bother about having a company."

"Yes, we will. It will add effect to the mine."

"Then we'll have to take some outsiders in. We've got to have more than two shareholders."

"I'll manage that. I've got friends in New York. I can present two or three of them with five shares of stock, which will qualify them to be elected as directors and to hold office. I'll establish the company's office in Wall Street, and have the working office in Phoenix. As general manager of the mine, you will have your office here. You will also be vice-president of the company. I'll be the president. My friend, Harry Havens, will be treasurer and secretary. The Marathon Mine will continue to be a close corporation, for as we won't need any outside capital there will be no need to sell any of the stock."

"That's right," nodded Smith.

Nick watched his partner work in the mine all the afternoon, and at half-past five they returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER XII.—The Marathon Mine Comes to the Front.

Nick soon made friends in Freezeout where everybody was hail-fellow-well-met with everybody else, and all stood on equal ground, whether he was manager of the copper mine in the neighborhood or one of the workers connected with it. The Wall Street boy made himself popular among the crowd, and was voted a good fellow. As he appeared to be enthusiastic about the future of the Marathon property, the opinion began to prevail that Jack Smith was working with him with the intention of unloading his interest in the mine upon the boy, and Nick received many quiet hints on the subject by well-intentioned individuals. Instead of losing confidence in Marathon, he presently declared that he wanted to buy more ground around the mine. This occasioned some astonishment, and one or two sought to dissuade him from such a foolish course.

"But I'm satisfied we will find copper over there," replied Nick. "Even if we don't, I am thinking of putting up a smelter if I can get any encouragement from the copper bosses on this side of the valley."

His suggestion about the smelter met with approval, and he had a talk with some of the copper men on the subject. They expressed a willingness to patronize himself he erected the smelter. Nick found no trouble in securing all the land he wanted at a low price, and he took title to it in the company's name, for he couldn't le-

gally do it in his own. Nick had now passed five weeks in Idaho, and Jack Smith's secret labors continued to show more and more copper as he progressed with his borings.

"I think we can safely start regular operations now," he said to Smith one day. "I'll order the steam drills, the engine and other things you need in Phoenix, and have them sent out here. I will place all the money I have left to your account in the Phoenix Bank, and you can draw on it as you need it. As soon as I reach New York I will send the bank a draft for \$5,000, and then you can start business in earnest."

Nick and Smith went to Phoenix together next day. A room was hired in an office building and the "Marathon Copper Co." was inscribed on the door.

Underneath was painted: "Main Office, Carter Building, Wall Street, New York."

A boy was engaged to take charge of it and keep it open every weekday. After the machinery had been bought and paid for, Nick, with a box full of copper samples, started for New York. His folks were glad to see him back, and so was Jessie Havens, who had missed his cheery presence in the office and the interesting talks she had had with him. It was great news he had to tell his father and mother, and incidentally Jessie, too, for whom he felt a strong and growing regard. It seemed like a wild dream of fiction that the boy, who but a year since was a broker's messenger, now stood in line of becoming a young copper king.

"You are a most remarkable boy," said his father. "Your mother and I have great reason to be proud of you."

Nick talked the matter of his copper company over with his father and between them plans were drawn up to revive the company. Nick presented his father with 1,000 shares of the stock. He handed Harry Havens 100 shares, and his sister a like amount.

"I hold Jack Smith's proxy, so we will meet at the office on Saturday afternoon and hold our first meeting to elect a board of directors and afterward the officers to serve for a year, and, of course, be eligible to re-election," said Nick.

He hunted up his messenger friend, Dick Davenport, and asked him to come into the company.

"I've no money to buy stock," said Dick.

"You don't need any. I'll give you twenty-five shares. Come to the meeting at my office on Saturday at one o'clock."

"I'll be there like a bird," said Dick enthusiastically.

Nick presented his mother with 1,000 shares, and she also came to the meeting. The company was duly reorganized, and everybody holding stock was made a director. The directors then met and elected Nick president; Jack Smith, vice-president and mine manager; Mr. Brown, second vice-president, and Harry Havens, treasurer and secretary. Havens was also made manager of the Wall Street office. Nick arranged with the superintendent of the building to take a suite of two rooms on the eighth floor, one of the rooms to be his private office, and give up his room on the eleventh floor. A painter was engaged to put the following sign on the door of the main room:

"Executive Offices of the Marathon Copper Mining Co., of Phoenix, Idaho."

In smaller type:

"Nicholas Brown, President; Harry Havens, Secretary and Treasurer."

The offices were much better furnished than Nick's original den upstairs. A diagram map of the mine and surrounding country was framed and hung on the wall, while other pictures of Western scenery were displayed about. The box of copper samples was placed on a small table. A small box of samples was laid out on a table in Nick's private room. Everything being in working order, Nick sent Smith \$5,000 by express. This was the signal for him to give out the news of the discovery. The announcement occasioned great excitement in Freezeout, and also in Phoenix and other neighboring places.

A rush to buy property on the river side of the valley followed. In a few days the newspapers of the country printed the news of a new copper field in Idaho, and mining papers added that the Marathon mine had come to life in great shape. The Wall Street papers printed the news, with the information that the general offices of the resurrected mine were in the Carter Building, and that the president of the copper company was Nicholas Brown.

A reporter for one of the big dailies unearthed the fact that Nicholas Brown, less than a year since, had been messenger for Tuckerman & Craig stock brokers. He called upon Nick and interviewed him. He also interviewed Mr. Craig and Broker Hartley. The result of his endeavors was a story in the morning edition of his paper which appeared under the caption of "From Messenger to Young Copper King."

This was something of a fiction, for Nick was far from being a copper king yet. The prospects that some day he would reach that dignity was excuse enough for the editor who wrote the heading. For several days after the publication of the story Nick was the most talked-of person in Wall Street. Reports from Freezeout confirmed all the facts regarding the mine. Marathon promised to be one of the richest copper properties in the great Northwest. Agents of the copper magnates went to see it, and offers were made to Nick looking to the purchase by the copper syndicate of the Marathon property. Nick turned all such offers down. He said the Marathon company was working its own mine, and would continue to do so.

The copper people got in touch with the Phoenix smelters and when Nick went West again to make arrangements for a contract with his mine he found that the smelting companies professed to be too busy to take his ore. Nick saw the point and calling for more of his capital, he gave instructions for the building of a smelter on the property. That would make him independent of the Phoenix smelters. Soon afterward he returned to New York to attend to business there. He had been back a week and was seated in his private office when his office boy announced two visitors—Ephraim Jackson and Sid Lansing.

"Show them in," said Nick.

They entered.

"How do you do, Mr. Lansing?" said Nick. "We have met before."

"We have. Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Jackson, president of the Marathon Copper Mining Co."

"Former president, you mean," said Nick.

"No, sir; I am still president of the company," said Jackson. "I never resigned."

"When the company was reorganized you had no stock in it and was not represented in any way. That let you out of any fancied rights you claim to possess."

"I intend to bring suit to recover my stock, and so does Mr. Lansing," roared Jackson.

"Go ahead and bring it, both of you. I bought your stock from your wife, Mr. Jackson, and I have the evidence to show for it. You can't recover it by law or any other way."

"She had no right to dispose of my shares. You will have to look to her for the money you paid her."

"Is that so? She had a perfect right to sell her own property. She showed me a transfer from you, and I have that transfer in my possession. As for you, Mr. Lansing, what's your grounds for kicking? Didn't you sell me your stock, and haven't I got the evidence of it in your own writing?"

Lansing looked foolish.

"You agreed to give \$500 if the mine panned out," he said. "I have only your word for that, but I hope you'll keep it."

"I intend to. I also intend to pay Mrs. Jackson the \$1,000 I promised her under the same conditions. You told me that Mr. Jackson put \$5,000 into the mine, and that you put \$2,500. Jack Smith told me that Mr. Jackson put in but \$1,000 and that you only put in \$500."

"He's a liar!" roared Jackson.

"Mr. Smith is not a liar. If he were present he'd make you take that insult back," said Nick.

With an exclamation of anger, Jackson suddenly snatched up one of the copper specimens and let it fly at Nick. The boy threw up his arm and dodged. The rock struck the window behind him with a crash, splintering it. The sound attracted the notice of Nick's office boy and the little fellow rushed into the room.

"Bobby," said Nick coolly, "telephone for a policeman."

The boy darted out and closed the door.

"Here, stop that boy!" cried Jackson, starting for the door.

Nick sprang up and seized him by the arm.

"You don't leave this room until you go with a policeman," said the young Wall Street boy. "You've committed an assault on me, and I shall prosecute you for it. You've also broken an expensive pane of glass."

"Let go of me or I'll blow the roof off your head!" cried Jackson.

"With what?"

"This!" roared the furious man, pulling out a revolver.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Young Copper King—Conclusion.

Nick had half expected some such move on his part and, quick as lightning, he grabbed the man by the wrist. With the other arm he encircled

Jackson's body and shoved him against his desk. Lansing decided that matters were getting too hot to be healthy, so instead of helping out his companion, he made a hasty exit from the room. The office boy, who guessed that his boss didn't want the men to get away before the policeman he had telephoned for arrived, had taken the precaution to lock the door opening on to the corridor, so when Lansing tried to get out that way he found his progress blocked.

"Let me out," he said to the office boy.

"Not till the boss tells me to," replied the boy.

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll unlock the door," said Lansing, anxious to avoid the complications that the visit had led him into.

"Nothing doing," grinned the lad.

At that moment somebody came to the door and tried to get in. The boy went to the door and Lansing followed close at his heels.

"Who's there?" asked the boy.

"I'm here, Mr. Havens. Why is the door locked? Let me in."

Bobby took the key from his pocket, unlocked the door and then grabbed Lansing. When Havens entered he found the two struggling.

"What does this mean?" demanded Havens.

"Lock the door. Mr. Brown has sent for an officer to arrest this man and another he's got in his private room," said Bobby.

"What has happened?"

"One of the men smashed the window in the private room."

Havens rushed into the office, leaving Bobby to lock the outer door. He found Nick holding Jackson against the desk, and, seeing the revolver in the man's hand, he sprang forward and wrenched it out of his fingers. Nick then released Jackson.

"What's the trouble about, Nick?" asked Havens.

"Sit in that chair, Jackson," said Nick.

The man sullenly refused.

"I'll pay for that window," he said, realizing the predicament he was in.

"Beginning to take water, are you?" said Nick.

"You'll pay for more than the window. You drew a revolver on me, and you'll find that a serious matter."

"I won't say anything more about that stock if you'll let me out of this."

"No, sir. I've got you where the shoe pinches and I'm going to put you through for your conduct in my office."

At that moment the policeman entered the room, with Lansing in tow.

"I give that man in charge," said Nick, pointing at Jackson.

"And this one, too?" asked the officer.

"I want him taken along as a witness. I am making no charge against him."

Lansing looked much relieved.

"What's the charge against that man?"

"He threw a piece of copper ore at me, which smashed that window. Then he drew that revolver on me."

"If I take him in, you will appear against him in court?"

"I certainly will."

"You are under arrest," the officer said to Jackson. "You will come along with me."

So the two men were taken to the police sta-

tion and Nick went along and made the charge at the desk. Jackson was brought before a magistrate at the Tombs Police Court that afternoon and pleaded not guilty. Nick told his story and Havens told what he saw on entering the private room, and said he had taken the revolver from Jackson. The man was remanded to the Tombs. He was subsequently tried and got two years up the river. Lansing was a witness against him and then was allowed to go his way, but not before Nick had handed him the promised \$500.

He gave the boy Mrs. Jackson's address in Chicago, and Nick sent her \$1,000, as he had agreed to. The next time Nick went to Idaho he found the mine in full swing and the smelter nearly completed. He remained on the ground until a carload of copper was ready to be shipped, then he found himself up against another snag. The railroad company had no car to spare him and didn't know when he could have one, though the other copper company was getting all the cars it wanted. Nick went straight to the office of the general freight agent in Chicago and put the matter up to him. He was very sorry, but the company was short of freight cars just then. Nick saw the hand of the copper syndicate in all this. The copper magnates, recognizing that he was but a boy president, and had a fine copper property under his control, had determined to force him to sell out.

"They won't get the better of me as long as I have a dollar," said Nick.

He returned to Freezeout and gave orders to build a big shed in which to store the product of his smelter. At the same time he ordered several thousand bags. So the work in the mine and smelter went on without interruption, but not a pound of ore found its way to market. As week after week went by the stock of the smelted ore increased and Nick's private bank account decreased, for he was financing the company.

"I'll go the limit before I shut down the mine," he told Smith.

"You're a fighter, and just the kind of person to buck against the syndicate," said Smith. "We will win out in the end."

While matters were in this state, Nick began a newspaper campaign against the copper trust. This cost money, but he didn't care, for he already had a small fortune in copper awaiting shipment. The syndicate, seeing that Nick was holding out strong, sent an agent to him with a much better offer for the property.

"We're not selling to anybody," was the boy's resolute answer. "I'll hold my copper on the ground for the next ten years, if necessary; but I'll not sell."

Soon afterward he received word from the railroad company that he could have cars to ship his product, but the freight rate was higher than that quoted some time before. Nick kicked, and was told that the company had raised its rate on copper. An investigation on his part showed that the mine owners on the other side of the valley were not kicking, though it cost them more to get their ore to Phoenix, both because it was smelted at that place, and they had to carry it two miles to the river while the Marathon Mine was on the river.

Nick came to the conclusion that the company was favored with a secret rebate denied to him.

He couldn't prove it, and so could do nothing. He notified the railroad company that he wouldn't ship the ore at the rate it demanded. So the Marathon's produce continued to increase until thousands of bags of copper were stored on the ground. Many more weeks passed away and Nick's \$60,000 cash was dwindling down. But he was as resolute as ever and determined to go the limit of his resources rather than give in. The story of the case was published in one of the big magazines, and a million people heard about the deadlock between the Marathon Mine and the copper barons.

The syndicate was denounced, but the members didn't care for that. They had millions at their back where Nick had only a few thousands. In the meantime, there came a demand for more copper than the syndicated mines were able to furnish, and this caused a raise in the price by which the combine gained greatly. At this stage of the game Nick went before the Railroad Commission and charged the railroad company with favoritism. An investigation followed, but there was so much red tape and delay about it that the young copper magnate gained nothing by the move.

"I'm afraid we'll either have to quit mining or pay the rate," Nick said to Smith one day.

"Well, the copper won't melt, nor the mine won't run away, so I vote to shut down rather than give in," said Smith.

"What you say goes with me," said Nick. "I've gone the limit, almost. I have advanced nearly every dollar I own to the company. You'd better serve a notice on the men that work will shut down two weeks hence unless some change takes place."

No change took place and the mine and smelter closed down, for Nick had gone his limit and could make no more advances. The news was received by the syndicate with satisfaction. They expected Nick to surrender now, but they did not know, nor correctly estimate, his powers of resistance. Copper, not being of a perishable nature, did not lose any of its value because it was not shipped. The company was losing its rightful income, that was all. Being a close family sort of corporation, the shareholders could stand it as long as they chose to hold out.

The syndicate, discovering how matters were going, made a higher offer for the Marathon Mine, but without success. Nick told the agent that the syndicate didn't have money enough to beat him.

"Why, you're beaten already to a standstill," said the gentleman.

"I admit it in the sense to which you refer, but I'm not beaten so bad that I can be compelled to sell out. I intend to hold out indefinitely."

Next day Nick went to Washington and saw the President about the situation. As the members of the syndicate had contributed campaign funds to help elect him, he expressed the regret that he could do nothing except refer the matter to the consideration of the attorney general. Nick knew he would get no help from that quarter, so he returned to New York. He then called on representatives of the copper trade and told them he had thousands and thousands of pounds of smelted copper ready for the market, which he

would sell for a certain price as it stood. The copper people said they would be glad to buy it and pay the carriage charges, but it wouldn't do for them to get in bad with the copper syndicate. The trust could cut off supplies itself and cause a famine in copper in their quarter.

"Well, don't you think this business is an outrage?" said Nick.

They thought it was, but that was one of the evils of trusts. A big weekly, with a million circulation, printed a three-page article about the Marathon fight against the copper trust, and showed the syndicate up badly. The public was interested and privately abused the trust, but that is all it amounted to. Then Nick changed front suddenly. He called for fifty freight cars, got them, and shipped 100,000 pounds of copper East at the railroad terms. He contracted with several steamship companies and sent the whole lot to Europe to parties with whom he had arranged beforehand. The syndicate was taken by surprise, but the damage was done. However, the big magnates gave the steamship men to understand they were to carry no more copper for Nick.

The young Wall Street boy did not care. Thirty odd thousand dollars was coming in and that meant more sinews of war to fight the trust. A second 100,000 pounds of copper was shipped to New York and disposed of to the dealers on the quiet, at a price under the prevailing rate. The mine and smelter resumed operations, and now Nick shipped copper at the high rate, and offered it under the syndicate's market price in the East. It was quickly bought up. When a fourth shipment was ready, a shortage of cars developed once more. Nick grinned. He figured that by shipping the copper down the river to its mouth, and so on to a certain town where he could connect with a rival railroad system, he could gain another temporary advantage.

In this way he got 200,000 pounds more copper East and sold it under price. The trust started to block this move. Then the Interstate Railroad Commission, after a long delay, decided that the railroad was giving preferential rates against the Marathon. Nick at once entered a suit against the railroad for excess charges, and fought it vigorously, gaining a verdict, which was held up by the company's appeal. Three months later the higher court decided against the railroad, and they carried the case to the Supreme Court at Washington.

Nick's lawyers finally won a decision there, and the railroad company had to pay up and carry the Marathon copper at the old rates. The copper syndicate then gave up the fight, for they found that they had the most determined opponent they had ever met against them.

After that it was plain sailing for the Marathon company, and the profits began to roll in. On his twenty-third birthday Nick married Jessie Havens. The New York papers printed his picture with that of his beautiful young bride, under the caption of "The Young Copper King Married," and with that ends the story of the boy who went the limit.

Next week's issue will contain "RALPH, THE REPORTER; or, THE MYSTERY OF ASSIGNMENT NO. 10."

CURRENT NEWS

50 HIDES FOR PAIR OF SHOES.

Frank Reed, Valley Home irrigation director, is also a hide and cattle buyer.

He was in Oakdale, Cal., the other day attending a meeting of the directors.

The meeting adjourned and he started down the street.

"I'll have to buy me a pair of shoes before I go home," he remarked. "I have just sold fifty hides and if I'm lucky I ought to have enough to pay for the shoes."

ESTIMATED STRENGTH OF THE ARMY.

The estimated strength of the Regular Army on June 30 gave a total of 231,762 commissioned and warrant officers and enlisted personnel. In the continental limits of the United States the total strength was 173,783, so that minus the Army Mine Planter Service and the officers and men at sea, the total strength outside the United States was 56,970 on June 30. The commissioned strength was 13,299, composed of 12,886 regular officers, 210 retired officers on active duty, 123 reserve officers on active duty, and 100 emergency officers undergoing physical reconstruction.

RECORD ENDURANCE MARCH.

According to a telegram received by Major Gen. James G. Harbord, executive assistant to the Chief of Staff, Pvt. 1st Class John MacGregor, of the 2d Division, has completed a record endurance march from San Antonio, Texas, to Denver, Colo. He completed the last 500 miles in fourteen days, an average march of over thirty-five miles a day. The entire journey of 1,100 miles consumed forty marching day and was made in order to acquaint citizens of Texas, Oklahoma and Colorado with the advantages offered young men by the Citizens' Military Training Camps. Private MacGregor was escorted into Denver by the band from Fort Logan, and was tendered a reception by the officials of that city.

He made the march in full field equipment. Some years ago he walked to Winnipeg from Alberta, Canada, a distance of about 1,800 miles. He enlisted in 1917 and served in France in the Air Service; re-enlisted in 1919.

ABOUT PLAYING-CARDS.

The invention of playing-cards has been variously attributed to the Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Girgonneur, a painter, in Paris, in the 14th century. They were supposed to have been first made for the amusement of Charles VI of France, who was deranged. The French had particular names for the twelve court cards. The four kings were David, Alexander, Caesar and Charles; four queens, Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas; the four knaves or nights, Ogier the Dane, Lancelot, La Hire and Hector de Garland. Cards seem originally to have been

brought to England from Spain, probably having been introduced into that country by the Moors. The clubs in Spanish were not trefoils, as with us, but cudgels, i. e., "bastos," and the spades or swords, "espadas." Cards at first were stamped from wood blocks in outline and filled in by hand, but after the invention of engraving the best artists engraved them on copper and struck them off at once. "Columbines" were spades; "rabbits," clubs; "pinks," diamonds; and "roses," hearts. Human figures, opposed to those of flowers, and animals, were the ancestors of court cards.

TOO MANY GOATS.

In 1917 the Boone and Crockett Club of New York started a project for the capture of fifteen or twenty Alaskan wild goats, to be taken to stock Admiralty Island, near Ketchikan, Alaska.

The animals were taken and finally removed to the place and released. According to the United States Biological survey, the herd has increased to 500 or 600 animals, and they threaten the vegetation of the island. Already the goats have eaten the once luxuriant growth of wild grass and flowers and are destroying the shrubbery and low growing trees.

These goats increase rapidly, a doe often producing three kids and always twins. The club does not own the animals, it was learned, and only planned to establish new hunting lands. Uncle Sam has notified the Forestry Department here to investigate, and, if necessary, slaughter enough of the goats to insure a natural food supply for the rest and to protect the forest there.

PEKINESE DOGS.

Pekinese dogs, otherwise Chinese lapdogs, have a curious history.

On October 8, 1861, an English soldier helped to ransack the imperial summer palace at Pekin and took back to his captain a little dog that was supposed to have belonged to the Empress. At any rate, the Empress's attendant made frantic attempts to regain the little creature, and the English officer finally struck a bargain, by which it was to be sent as a present from the Chinese ruler to Queen Victoria.

Good feeling was thus established all around, and the little dog bearing the name of Looty, was domiciled at Buckingham Palace. He was a very lonesome little creature, the other dogs taking exception to his Oriental habits and appearance, and when the Prince and Princess of Wales returned from a continental trip, the latter pleaded with her mother-in-law to be allowed to take Looty to Sandringham.

About six months later Looty's mate arrived from China, and the breeding of this species of dog became a diversion in fashionable society. Not many years ago a number of women got together material for a dog show and called it the Association of the Dogs from the Palace of Pekin. Looty, who had long since passed to dog heaven, was represented by a very numerous progeny.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIX.

The Rescue of Madge Morehouse—The Passing Hack—A Doctor Called In to the Girl.

Lew promptly clapped one hand over her lips, and with the other brandished the iron in front of her face.

"Mrs. French," he said, his blazing eyes on the woman's face, "I've come here for that drugged young woman you've got in this house, and I mean to have her. I'd take pleasure in marking up such a female fiend as you with this hot iron, and I warn you that you'd better not fool with me. Where is that young girl?"

He removed his hand from her mouth.

"I don't know," she snarled.

"Then your ignorance will cost you your eyesight," fiercely said Lew, who was, of course, bluffing. "Out with it!"

And he approached the red tip of the soldering iron very close to the woman's face.

She drew back with a gasp of terror, and all her courage deserted her in a moment when she saw the determined expression on the face of the young lawyer.

"I'll tell you," she gasped.

"Where is she?" asked Lew, and held the hot iron very close to her face, while Eddie gripped her arms firmly.

"She's under the roof!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Lew.

"That there is a space of about a foot and a half between the ceiling and the roof, which is flat, and the girl has been shoved in there."

The indifferent cruelty of the statement made Lew's blood boil.

"Show me the place," he commanded, and Mrs. French led the way up the stairs with Lew close behind her. She looked around when she had reached the top of the first flight and cast a hasty glance toward the main front door, and the young lawyer at once guessed that she had the idea in her mind of making a dash for freedom.

"You can't get away, Mrs. French, and you might as well understand that at the first indication of flight I am going to nab you. I'll make a good job, too."

Lew was boiling with rage when he thought of the treatment that had been accorded Madge Morehouse. The woman recognized the futility of taking any chances with this enraged young man and continued on her way up to the top of the house.

"Do you mean up there?" asked Lew, pointing

to where a ladder ran up to the scuttle that conducted to the roof.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Go up and take a look, Eddie," said Lew, "and I'll stand guard over this inhuman woman."

Lew was determined that the woman should not escape him if she had given him false information, and he stood glaring at her, the soldering iron firmly gripped in his hand, while Eddie quickly ascended the ladder. When the office boy had reached the space between the ceiling and the roof he tried to look into it, but it was totally dark, so he struck a match and held it in front of him while he looked on all sides.

Two feet from the edge of the opening he caught sight of a pair of small shoes, and reaching in he took hold of them and pulled gently.

The amount of resistance he encountered told him that the shoes were attached to something heavy, and he drew away at them with great care, and in a moment the body of the girl prisoner appeared.

"Here she is!" he shouted, and continued to pull until he could grasp the girl around the waist, and then he removed her altogether from the space where she had lain and dropped her into Lew's outstretched arms.

Madge was totally insensible and was breathing slowly and heavily, and as Lew looked into her white face he feared that he had found her too late. Then a rushing sound caught his ears, and he looked around to see Mrs. French sliding down the balusters like a boy.

Eddie Blakesley jumped down from the ladder and started after the woman, but Lew called him back.

"We've got to attend to this girl as lively as possible," he said, "and we can't bother with any prisoners. Pick up that soldering iron and lead the way down to the front door, and if anybody tries to stop you knock them down."

"You bet," said Eddie, and started down the stairs, Lew following with the unconscious girl in his arms. It made him feel bad when he looked at the white face of the girl, for it seemed to him that she was at death's door.

Nobody interfered with him, and in a moment they passed out of the house and into the street. Just as they reached the sidewalk a hack came around the nearest corner, and Lew saw Jimmy Mack sitting on the box.

"Stop him," he shouted to Eddie, and the office boy ran out into the middle of the road, for he remembered that he was so well smugged up that it would be difficult for anybody to recognize him, and he placed himself so squarely in the way of the oncoming horse that the driver was compelled to pull up or else run over him.

"What in the world do you mean——"

The driver had got thus far in his astonished inquiry when the office boy shouted out:

"It's all right, Jimmy, I'm Eddie Blakesley."

"And I'm Lew Rand," said our hero, advancing into the middle of the road with his burden, "and this is the girl we were looking for."

"Bully!" shouted Jimmy Mack. "I'm empty, so get in and I'll take you all home."

Lew gave him Madge's address, and then got into the hack.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

FUNERAL HONORS, GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY.

Col. John P. Nicholson, chairman of the Gettysburg National Park Commission, announces that the National Flag will be displayed at half-staff at General Meade's headquarters during funeral services in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg of a soldier or sailor who served in any of the wars in which the United States was engaged.

WHISKY IN FURNITURE.

Almost every conceivable method has been employed to introduce liquor into the Indian country of Oklahoma from Fort Smith, Ark., but United States marshals found two new schemes recently.

In the drawers of a washstand and dresser consigned to a supposed mercantile company at Barnett, Okla., sixty quarts of whisky were found. Inside a barrel of salt a ten gallon keg of whisky was discovered. It was addressed to a grocery firm at Hartshorne, Okla. The furniture, salt and liquor were added to the contraband collection of the marshal's office.

FIRE-WALKING IN OLDEN DAYS.

Walking barefoot on burning embers is a religious ceremony still performed in certain parts of the world. Lieut. Col. T. R. St. Johnston found it in the Pacific, and describes it in a recent book on the islanders. The Lancet (London) in reviewing this book cites the words of Virgil in the Eleventh Book of the Aeneid, who gives an account of a fire walking ceremony held at Sorraete in honor of Apollo.

"Highest of gods, Apollo, guardian of holy Sorraete, thou whose chief worshipers we are, thou for whom the pile of burning pine wood is fed, while we upborne by faith press our footsteps in the glowing embers."

Pliny says that the power to walk through the blazing wood embers was confined to one family, the Hirpi, and Servius, the commentator, quotes Varro as saying that they rubbed their feet with a drug. So we find an identical ceremony in primitive Italy and in Polynesia.

VOLCANO LOSES TOP.

One hundred and ninety-two earth shocks were registered in six days in the zone affected by the seismic and volcanic disturbances in the mountainous regions of Valdivia and Cautin provinces in Southern Chili, a few weeks ago, according to belated advices to the Ministry of Interior. So far as is known there was no loss of life.

Official reports now available, supplementing earlier information forwarded by cable, lay stress upon the violence of the shocks and changes in the conformation of the country.

The disturbance is believed to have been due to an explosive eruption of the snow-capped volcano Villarica, 9,000 feet high, which is near the town of Pucon, in Valdivia. It is thought the crater of the volcano became plugged during periods of inactivity and that the mountain blew

its head off with the accompaniment of the violent earthquakes. The volcano is said to be of the type that, as a rule, does not emit molten lava, but ejects pumice and volcanic ash.

The shocks began shortly before midnight, Dec. 9, and for three hours were almost continuous, terrifying the population, mostly Indians. The most violent quake lasted twenty seconds. The whole region vibrated intermittently during the next five days.

Entire hills were razed and many cattle were killed by falling trees. Much damage was done to small buildings in the town of Pucon, a port of entry from Argentina; parts of the international highway to Argentina were destroyed; two lumber mills were wrecked and a third was buried under earth and rock.

Lake Villarica rose five feet, later subsiding. Lake Caburgua is reported to have sunk fifteen feet. The Turbio River, which had its source on the side of Mount Villarica, disappeared and the Tancura River, which flows in the valley bearing that name, shrank to half its normal size.

The district affected is one of the most picturesque in Chili. Latest advices say Villarica had quieted.

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Detected At The Altar.

By HORACE APPLETON.

Recent discoveries in Colorado had revealed to the world the secret that the territory was rich in precious metals, and the gold fever was rife.

In a New England village, where their uneventful lives had been passed thus far, two young men who were ambitious to acquire fortune and place in the world were discussing a project which had been inspired by the talismanic word—Gold!

Bernard Ross and Donald Worth had been schoolmates and boon companions from youth. Each had often confided to the other the prompting to venture in the race for wealth in the Western Eldorado, and now they had agreed to go to Colorado together, and as "pards" seek to make a showing in the strife where men contended amid perils and hardships to wrest from Mother Earth the hoarded treasures concealed in her bosom.

Now, on the morrow, the two young fortune-seekers were to set out for the Colorado mines. They were standing in the gloaming beneath the great elm tree at the gate of the Ross homestead, and they were about to part for the night.

The next day the two young fortune-seekers said farewell to friends and home, and set out on the journey which was to end only among the gold fields of Colorado.

A simple little episode of love and youthful ambition, is it not? But the end is not yet; a thrilling sequel is to come.

* * * * *

Humboldt Gulch, Colorado, was a "booming" camp, and there Donald Worth and Bernard Ross had been at work in placer mines for a considerable period.

Fortune had not smiled upon the young men as they had hoped, and already many of the visionary ideas they had brought with them to the mines had been dispelled by the stern realities.

But hope was strong in the hearts of the young New England "pards," and they toiled on early and late, waiting, hoping always for the turn of fortune's tide that came not.

Finally Bernard became ill—the "mountain fever," as the miners called the malady—seized upon the young miner, and, despite the tender care of his devoted pard and the most competent medical attendance to be found in the mines, Bernard became steadily worse, and one evening when the light was fading, the spirit of Bernard Ross drifted from earth away as he lay in the arms of his heartbroken pard.

At about the same hour of the closing day that witnessed the untimely demise of the young miner a stranger rode into Humboldt Gulch.

"Can you tell me, sir, if one Bernard Ross, a young man from New Hampshire, is at present a resident of this place?" inquired the stranger. And the miner replied:

"Right ye are, stranger. I reckon you'll find Bernard Ross up at his cabin at the end of the gulch. He's been laid up lately with the pizen mountain fever, I b'lieve."

Having seen his horse stabled, Schoonover started out on foot to visit Bernard Ross' cabin. But before he left the "hotel" he let drop the remark that he came as a messenger to deliver some important papers and news to Bernard Ross.

Among the men present in the "hotel" when the lawyer volunteered this information was one Gail Hampton, a reckless adventurer who had killed more than one man with his deadly revolver.

Coming toward Bernard's cabin, when at a short distance from Hampton's hovel, Schoonover found himself suddenly halted by a desperado who had determined upon a highway robbery. But the lawyer was no coward, and he tried to draw a revolver, when the other anticipated his purpose and fired.

The report of the shot drew several miners to the scene, and among them was Gail Hampton. The tracks of the desperado were found beside the lawyer, who was fatally wounded. While Hampton and another miner lifted the body of the lawyer between them and carried him to the cabin of the former, the other men at once started in pursuit of the assassin, who had taken to the hills.

In his own cabin Gail Hampton was presently left alone with the body of Schoonover, who breathed his last on the way to the shelter. Then the desperate man of the mines thought of the purpose which brought the stranger there, and he closed the door, drew the blind, and hastily searched the remains.

The assassin who had taken the stranger's life had robbed him of all his money and jewelry. But a package of papers concealed in the lining of the dead man's coat had escaped the robber's search. These Hampton secured and examined. Then an exultant, crafty look came upon his features.

"Here is an unexpected chance for a fortune in my grasp, if I dare undertake the desperate game required to make it mine. Dare! By the fates, what would I not dare for such an inheritance. Yes—yes. I'll do it."

Thus Gail Hampton resolved upon one of the most daring subterfuges that a lawless man could well conceive.

He arose and concealed the package of papers which he had purloined in a secret drawer of a rude cupboard in the corner, where he hid his gold when he was fortunate at the gaming-table, which was his main source of income.

Meanwhile, Donald Worth came down from his cabin up the gulch to make the necessary preparations for the burial of his dead pard on the morrow. Then he heard the news of the arrival of the lawyer who came to bring news and valuable papers to his pard.

At once Donald's interest was awakened, and learning of the shooting of Schoonover, he proceeded to Hampton's cabin.

Arriving at Hampton's abode, the voice of the gambler bade Donald enter as soon as he had once rapped upon the door.

"I understand," said Donald, as he entered, "that the dead man lying yonder brought to this place certain valuable papers for my friend Bernard Ross. Now, as Ross is dead, I claim those papers in his name."

"Quite proper," replied Hampton blandly. "But I fear the thief who shot the unfortunate stranger may have forestalled you."

"Have you searched him?" asked Donald.

"Certainly not," answered the other forcibly.

Donald carefully searched the dead man, but of course he met with no reward. Not a scrap of paper did he find.

"You are sure you did not find any papers on this man," said Donald, with increasing distrust, and the eyes of the two men met over the body of the dead as the young miner thus spoke. Involuntarily a shade of alarm swept over the gambler's face, and without consciousness that he did so he flashed an apprehensive glance toward the rude cupboard in which he had secreted the papers he had taken from the dead.

Instantly the revelation of the truth dawned upon the quick mind of the observant Donald.

He sprang forward as if inspired by his intuitive discovery.

"You have robbed the dead man of Bernard Ross' papers, and they are there!" cried Donald.

Then he took a step toward the cupboard at which he pointed. With a fierce exclamation Hampton barred his way.

"Back! Back on your life!" he hissed.

"No, you shall not rob my poor dead partner while I live to prevent it," cried Donald, resolutely.

He was pressing on when like a flash a revolver appeared in the gambler's hand. A quick report ensued, and Donald reeled back and fell heavily upon the floor. There he remained motionless. Hampton stooped over Donald for a moment. Then he muttered:

"He's dead. I must not remain in the camp an instant longer, or I may be lynched."

Then hastily Hampton secured the stolen papers and such valuables as he could easily carry, and set out from the camp.

An hour went by. Then two miners chancing to enter Hampton's cabin found Donald and detected signs of life. They sought to revive him and succeeded. His wound proved to be a graze of the skull only. In a week, thanks to his excellent constitution, the young miner had recovered.

Then he sold out his claim. After seeing that a suitable monument had been erected to mark the last resting-place of his pard, Donald left the camp. To himself he had said:

"I will become a detective and track Gail Hampton until I run him to earth, it matters not how long my quest may prove or whither it may lead me."

The second day after Donald started out to pursue Hampton as a detective a stranger arrived at Humboldt Gulch. This new arrival was a keen-eyed, resolute man, with a heavy mustache. Only one man in the camp knew the stranger, and that man held his tongue, for the latter was a well-known Western detective.

Meanwhile, in the garb of a rough bearded miner, Donald tracked Hampton from mining camp to mining camp. But finally he completely lost the trail. Then, in despair of securing his man, Donald decided to revisit his Eastern home.

One pleasant summer's day he walked into the village. It was an odd fancy, but the stalwart young man chose to return unknown, and he still

wore the rough costume of the mines and false beard which he had assumed as a disguise, to hide his identity from the man he was pursuing.

Donald was passing the old familiar village church when the sound of solemn music made him turn to the door of the house of worship, through which he had often entered in other days. There, seated upon a low bench just within the narrow vestibule, Donald beheld a keen, resolute-faced man in a tourist's garb, with a cane in his hand. The stranger glanced at Donald critically as the seeming old miner paused for a moment with one foot upon the step, and listened.

Presently Donald glanced into the church. Far down by the altar he saw, indistinctly, a wedding party grouped before the minister. A moment, and the minister's voice reached Donald as he said:

"You, Lucy Stanton, take this man to be your lawful husband——"

The rest was lost to Donald.

Then another voice reached his ears. It came from the man who stood at Lucy Stanton's side as her bridegroom. Donald gave a great start, for he recognized the voice as that of Gail Hampton.

"At last! At last I have found Gail Hampton!" ejaculated Donald. He was about to rush forward into the church, but the man who had been seated on the bench at the door was now on his feet, and he seized Donald and held him back, saying:

"I am Dane Hurst, a Denver detective, and I am in quest of Hampton, armed with a warrant for his arrest for the murder of a citizen of Denver a year ago. I was not quite sure of my man, although I had tracked him here, until you spoke. The villain has assumed the name of Bernard Ross."

Then, before Donald could say a word, the detective sped down the aisle and clapped his hand on Hampton's shoulder.

"Gail Hampton, you are my prisoner!" he said.

Before the astounded villain could prevent it Hurst had him handcuffed. Lucy Stanton fainted in the arms of her bridesmaids, and Hampton stoutly said:

"It's all a mistake. I am Bernard Ross, not Hampton!"

"You lie!" thundered Donald, springing forward and throwing off his facial disguise. "And I, Donald Worth, am here to prove that Bernard Ross died months ago in Colorado."

"What! You here! The game is really up. Very well, gentlemen, I throw up my hands!" then said the gambler coolly.

Donald returned to her home with Lucy, and he told the poor girl of her lover's death, and she in turn told how she had believed that Hampton was really Bernard Ross.

In a trunk which he had brought with him to the village, when he came to proclaim himself Bernard Ross, the stolen papers were found. They proved Bernard's title to an inheritance. The gambler's motive was clear. He meant to secure the Ross inheritance, and he sought to marry Lucy because she was an heiress.

Two years later there was another wedding in the old church, and this time the bride was Lucy and the groom Donald.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CONNECTICUT LOSING NICKELS.

The State abolished a little while ago the toll that foot passengers always had to pay to cross the Haddam and Saybrook bridges over the Thames River.

"It's mostly automobile parties that cross the bridges, anyway," the legislators agreed. "Let them pay for the machine and then pay a nickel for each passenger."

Now every automobile that crosses the bridge stops three feet before it gets to the bridge. The passengers get out and walk across—free. The chauffeur pays for the automobile and a nickel for himself. The State is losing tens of thousands of nickels.

BOY STUCK IN HYDRANT.

Daniel McCloskey, 9 years old, of 431 West 125th street, New York, stuck his hand in a fire hydrant in front of his home the other night and a policeman and a whole fire engine company were required to get it out.

The hand went into the hole in the hydrant easily enough, but it wouldn't budge when the lad tried to pull it out. It was held by the suction. Patrolman George Beck vainly tried to release it and then called Engine Company 40. The firemen had to take the hydrant apart.

A WISE BEAR.

According to the stories told by Arctic explorers and whalers, polar bears—like many other animals of the Far North that have a hard time finding food—show an unusual reasoning faculty.

A whaler tells of planning to capture a polar bear by means of a slipnoose arranged about a bait. The noose caught one of the bear's paws, but the animal worked itself loose and carried away the bait. The sailor set the noose again, but this time the bear pushed the rope away before venturing near the bait. The third time the sailor covered the noose with snow, but the bear scraped about till he found the rope and again pushed it to one side. The fourth time the sailor put the bait in the bottom of a hole so the bear would have to crawl partly into it. Then he put the noose entirely around the hole and covered it

with snow. This did not deceive the bear, however, as the animal carefully uncovered the rope, knocked it aside and carried off the bait. Then the sailor gave up.

Another story tells of a polar bear's cleverness in catching a seal. The seal had climbed through a hole in the ice, but was keeping near the edge in order to be able to plunge in at the approach of danger. The bear saw the seal from a distance and knew that there was no chance to steal across the ice and attack its prey. Accordingly the bear entered the water through another hole a considerable distance away, swam under the ice to the hole through which the seal had emerged and seized the luckless animal, which naturally was taken entirely by surprise.

LAUGHS

Cautious Customer—But if he is a young horse, why do his knees bend so? **Dealer**—Well, sir, to tell the 'onest truth, the poor animal 'as bin living in a stable as was too low for 'im, and 'e's 'ad to stoop.

Sachs (to friend in restaurant)—Well, and how's business? **Friend**—Splendid, splendid! Why, I can't even get my meals at the right time. Just see what I'm eating now. It's my breakfast of yesterday.

Magistrate—It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife. **Prisoner**—Well, your honor, she aggrawated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd 'ave me hup afore that bald-'eaded hold humbug, meanin' yer honor. **Magistrate**—You're discharged.

"Johnny, here is another note from your teacher. He says I might as well take you out of school. You are quite hopeless." "It ain't so, mamma. I hope to be big enough some day to lam the everlastin' daylight out of him!"

"Charles," said young Mrs. Torkins, "a man brought this blank from the assessor's office. He wants us to state just how much we are worth." "What did you tell him?" "I told him to wait till after the races were over. Then we wouldn't have to pay taxes on so much."

I. It is 10 P. M. They are seated in the parlor. "No," she says, bowing her head, "pa says I am too young to become engaged." II. It is just 1.30 A. M. They are still seated in the parlor. Suddenly, from somewhere upstairs, a gruff voice shouts: "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."

There was an old man who was charged with illicit distilling and was brought up before the court. The judge, who was a witty fellow, asked the prisoner what was his Christian name. The prisoner replied, "Joshua," and the judge answered, "Are you the man that made the sun shine?" and the prisoner replied, "No, sir, your honor; I'm the one that made the moonshine."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

A VALUABLE WATCH.

One of the native rulers in India, the Nawab of Rampur, is the possessor of a watch valued at over \$90,000.

The lower case is cut from a single topaz, the upper from an emerald, and a diamond ground very thin, serves for the crystal. The watch shows the seconds, minutes, quarter-hours, half-hours, hours, days, weeks, months, seasons, years and leap years up to the year 9999.

MILK FROM PEANUTS.

The common peanut is the source of a new substitute for milk which so closely resembles its prototype that it turns sour and curdles, produces buttermilk when churned and may be made into cheese, says the Scientific American. The flavor, in which the nut characteristically persists, is declared to be practically its only point of variance with cow's milk. The new lacteal product originated in the laboratory of an American university where the peanut kernels are converted into four times their volume of milk, varying from 4 to 8 per cent. in fat content and from 2.4 to 3.3 per cent. in protein. The cost of production is said to be considerably less than the market price of dairy milk.

ORANG-OUTANG WAVES GOOD-BY TO EXPLORERS.

Many a hand waved farewell the other afternoon from both sides of the Hudson River as the Saturday fleet of liners backed out into the stream, but the hand which commanded the greatest attention was waving at Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, explorers, who sailed on the Royal Mail steamer Oropesa.

The hand waving the farewell was attached to the wrist of none other than Bessie, the Johnson pet orang-outang, who, owing to the old-fashioned ideas of Manhattan hotel men, is now staying at the Bronx Zoo. Bessie exhibited real sorrow at the parting.

The Johnsons, with fifty trunks and boxes, are bound for Cape Town, from which place they will penetrate South African jungles to take moving pictures.

MINING TOWNS ABANDONED.

Inactivity of the copper mining industry has caused the practical desertion of the populations from the towns of Cobar and Broken Hills, N. S. W. At one time Cobar boasted a population of several thousand people. Now it is but a collection of bare shacks, with its people gone.

Broken Hills, another mining town that in its heyday had a population of 50,000, is also desolate. Early in 1919, when the town's products were selling at high figures, the miners struck and remained out two years, during which time the bottom fell from the metal markets. When the miners were ready to return to work, the operators found they could work the mines only at a loss.

Owners of the mines told the men of their problem and offered to work the properties, without profit, for the sake of the miners, if the men would take wage reductions of about twenty per cent. The men, although depending upon the government for food, voted down the proposals. It was charged that the radicals led in the movement to defeat the return to work.

TOADS DESTROY ANTS.

The invasion of armies of ants into Galveston has put boyish ingenuity to work, after having first put housewives to rout and driven to despair any person with a horror of crawling things.

All sorts of bug powders, insecticides and other preparations calculated to cause sudden death among the ant colonies recently have been in demand. Even Fort Crockett has been invaded and the army housekeepers have tried every means of dispersing the enemy except turning out the guard.

Now comes a 12-year-old lad with a remedy, said to be sure and certain to destroy—use horned toads!

Hooker Larson offered horned toads for sale in the downtown district, asserting that they would prove sudden death to ants of all varieties and descriptions.

"They open their mouths and follow the ants' trail and swallow 'em up," he stated.

Master Larsen added that one advantage of having the horned toads as official ant destroyers for the household is that a horned toad isn't hurt when a person steps on him, but pursues the ants merrily despite interference.

DIAMONDS DOWN.

"Not many months ago a Joplin man expressed a preference for diamonds over Liberty Bonds," say the Joplin (Mo.) Globe. "They are more stable and their value is more certain," he declared. "I would rather have my money in diamonds than anything else."

"That there was no sound economic basis for such a high opinion of the value of diamonds is proved by recent happenings in the diamond market. A noted diamond dealer in London recently declared that the day of the diamond is all but at an end, and in support of this remarkable assertion explained that the prices per carat of rough uncut stones about a year ago was \$45, by the end of December, 1920, it had fallen to \$28, and the first of April, 1921, it had dropped as low as \$17.

"The slump in prices began last June, and this dealer declares that he cannot get \$60,000 for a parcel of diamonds for which he refused \$300,000 eleven months ago.

"Diamonds may come back, but whether they do or not, the inherent and persistent value of Government bonds will be given a good indorsement in the minds of some folks who were talked into overestimating mere jewels."

—BUY W. S. S.—

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

SQUIRREL IN RATTLER'S STOMACH.

A. E. Sipe, a teacher in the high school at Brunham, Pa., in a two-days' hike on the mountains with his pupils, killed a rattlesnake with ten rattles. When cut open a full grown red squirrel was found in the snake's stomach.

HONEY IN LOCUST TREE.

A Windsor, Kan., man found a swarm of bees in a locust tree in his yard. He sawed off a limb and fastened a hive there, but the bees declined it, and continued filling the hollow tree with honey. Wishing to secure the crop, the owner cut down the tree eighteen inches from the ground. The stump was full of honey. Then he sawed the tree three feet higher and got a barrel of honey. He sawed again four feet higher, and the honey extended almost to the end.

WEARS HIS BATHING SUIT TO OFFICE.

It is nothing new for the schoolboy to do it, but it is something new for the clerk in the New York office to wear his bathing suit to work. Of course, he wears it under his regular clothing.

"Great idea, that," said one exponent of the practice. "What's the use of carrying your bathing suit both ways? Wear it out to the beach and carry it back. Why, you can even go further than that. Stick around on the beach until it dries on you. After a cold shower and rubdown you can wear it back to the city. No bundles to carry. And really, you don't feel the heat much more from wearing your bathing suit. It is generally cool when you return from the beach evenings."

TWO ANOAS AT BRONX ZOO.

Two anoas—there haven't been any anoas in New York for fifteen years—are due at the Bronx Park Zoo soon. An anoa is an Indian type of water buffalo and the most diminutive of all wild cattle. They stand about kneehigh to a horse. Not only are they so rare that Director Hornaday is much excited about their arrival, but they are animals with such distinct peculiarities as to place them in a class with the hillside gouger and the purple faced pambo.

For one thing, an anoa's hair runs backward, so that if an attempt is made to stroke him into good humor it should be started in the neighborhood of his tail and continued in the direction of his head. For another, the anoa is peculiar in his drinking habits. He drinks in long, very long, gulps, like a pumping station.

The Zoo has had a difficult time in bringing these animals on from San Francisco, where they were held in quarantine.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY MONUMENTS DESTROYED.

An earthquake or some gigantic force has tipped over many of the aluminum-bronze monuments making the Alaskan-Canadian boundary

along the 141st Meridian, according to reports received from Fairbanks.

The monuments were set up along the 600-mile line at all important points and are five feet high, weighing 300 pounds and imbedded in 2,000 pounds of concrete. Trappers and prospectors working in the region claim to have seen numbers of these sign posts lying several feet from the original base as if thrown out by an explosion or upheaval.

One theory is that the action of frost caused the destruction; another is that it was the work of a grizzly bear, but the earthquake one is thought most likely. Few boundaries of equal length are so straight, as it follows the meridian without the slightest deviation, regardless of mountain, swamp or forest. Where timber was encountered a twenty-foot clearing was made and now used much by trappers. The survey and work started in 1906 and took ten years to complete.

THE APEX OF EUROPE.

Mont Blanc undoubtedly remains "the apex of Europe" in spite of the loss of part of its top in a gigantic snow and land slide as reported in press dispatches. This great mountain led its nearest European competitor for altitude, Monte Rosa, by 564 feet. Though actual measurements of the loss of height by Mont Blanc may not be made for some time, estimates so far are that it has lost "some scores of feet," a loss which still permits it proudly to rear its head far above all other pinnacles of the earth's crust west of the Caucasus.

Mont Blanc, the "White Mountain," is the westernmost of the great peaks that form the Pennine Alps, which include in their length of about 50 miles such well-known features as Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Great St. Bernard Pass and Mont Blanc itself. Mont Blanc lies on the border between Italy and France. About ten miles to the northeast, also on the crest of the Pennines, is the common corner of France, Italy and Switzerland. The towering White Mountain is easily visible in fair weather from Geneva, seat of the League of Nations, 60 miles to the west.

Mont Blanc has been accepted as extending 15,782 feet above sea level—just 58 feet short of three miles. As a matter of fact its height has varied from time to time. The highest visible stone in the mountain was 171 feet below the top, the crest itself being made up of an unknown thickness of ice and consolidated snow. This cap becomes slightly lower in summer due to melting, but is renewed in winter.

Partly hidden among lesser peaks and foothills, Mont Blanc was practically unknown to Western Europe until 1744. For more than a quarter of a century a standing reward for anyone who would discover a route to the top was uncollected. Finally, on Aug. 9, 1786, the crest was reached by a peasant guide, Jacques Balma.—*Bulletin National Geographical Society*

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ALL ENGAGED GETTING ELDERBEERY BLOSSOMS.

It is elderberry blossom time throughout the Middle West. Farmers and scores of automobilists from the cities can be seen daily scouring the whole countryside gathering their yearly supply of blossoms for a beverage which they claim to be a little more than one-half of 1 per cent. It is the real elderberry blossom wine, more popularly known as "elderberry blo." One quart of the blossoms will make approximately one gallon of wine, the farmers say. And they predict a "wet year" from the bumper crop of blossoms.

The farmers have, so far as known, four ways of allaying the thirst caused by the well-known amendment: During the early part of the spring they make a beverage from maple sap which they call "sugar-water beer," but which is far from being water; late spring is the time for gathering dandelion blossoms for "dandy wine," at the present date they are looking to the future for the success of their elderberry brewing, and during the fall months they gather crab apples for cider.

ABOUT WOOD PULP.

There are two kinds of pulp used in the making of paper. One is ground wood pulp and the other is sulphurous acid pulp.

In making the ground wood pulp the wood blocks are forced against the face of a large revolving grindstone with a pressure of 125 pounds the square inch. The wood fibres are broken up and separated, and the resulting product is known as ground wood pulp. The blocks are fed into the stone grinders from magazines on the floor above. As it leaves the grindstones the pulp is extremely hot, owing to the vast amount of friction generated in the grinding. In order to keep down this heat, as well as to bring the pulp into a liquid state so that it can be easily pumped, water is constantly showered upon the stones.

This hot mass of pulp is next pumped into the screen room, where the portion of the mixture which is fine enough passes through a finely perforated copper cylinder. That portion which is rejected is either re-ground or used for cardboard or heavy paper. Upon removal of the surplus water the pulp is ready to be mixed with the other ingredients to be turned into the news print.

She was Fat

The shadow on this picture gives you an idea how she looked. By taking Korein (pronounced koreen) and following easy directions of Korein system, she reduced 38 lbs. in three months. Now she is agile, attractive, mentally alert and in better health. Reliable anti-fat self-treatment. Many persons have reduced easily, lastingly, 10 to 60 pounds. *Become slender and remain so!* Safe, pleasant method, endorsed by physicians. **GUARANTEE.** Get small box Korein tablets at any druggist's; or for free brochure write to **Korein Company, NB-375, Sta. X, New York**



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New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. "Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH



Photo when bald.

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald

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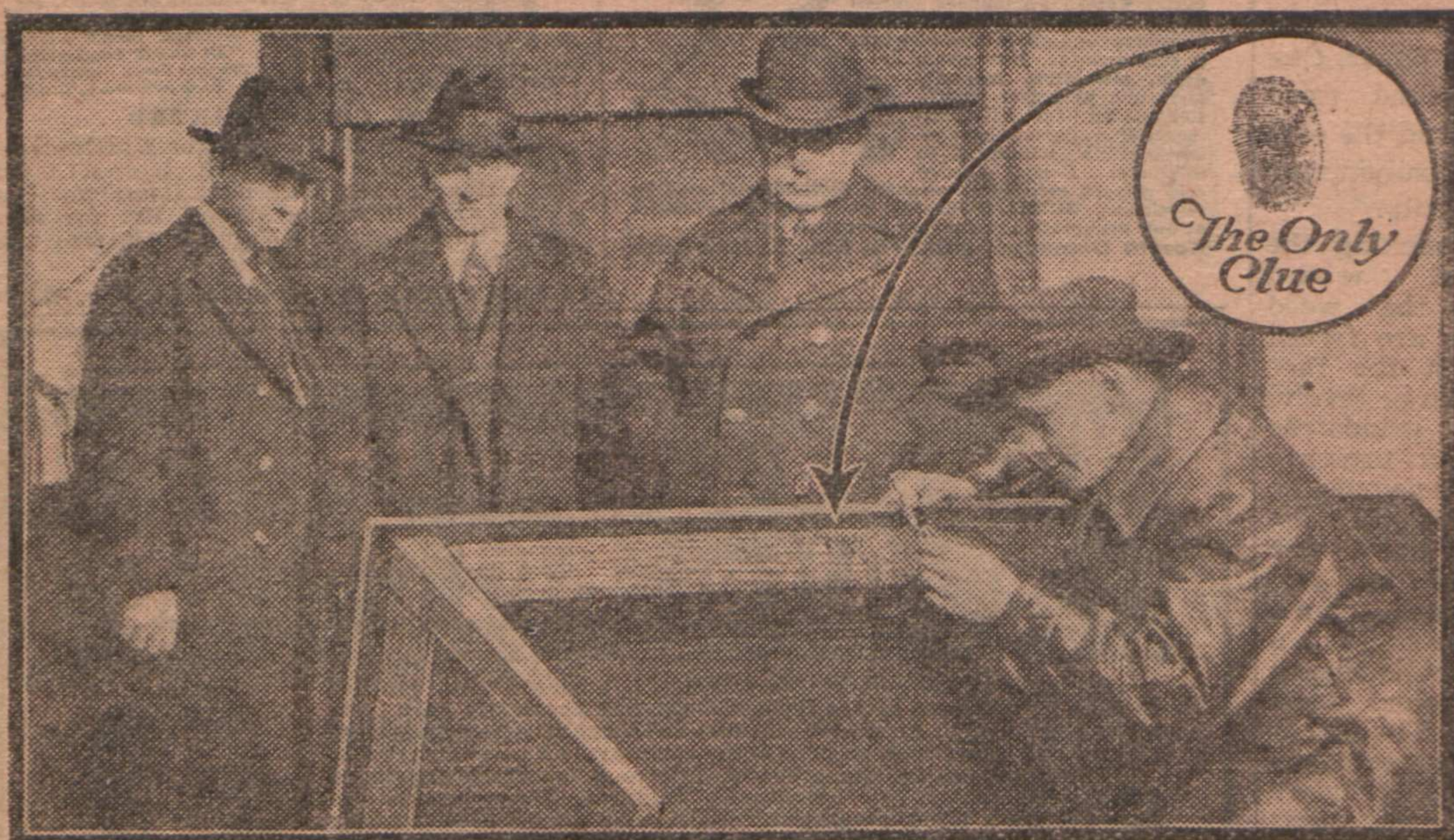
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Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair.



\$500 REWARD for TWO HOURS WORK

WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T—O— Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

Finger Print Expert Solves Mystery

On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were plainly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

Learn At Home in Spare Time

Could you imagine more fascinating work than this? Often life and death depend upon decisions of finger-print evidence—and big rewards go to the **Expert**. Thousands of trained men are now needed in this great field. The finger print work of governments, corporations, police departments, detective agencies and individuals has created a new profession. Many experts regularly earn from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year in this fascinating game. And now you can easily learn the secrets of this new Science in your spare time—at home. Any man with common school education and average ability can become a Finger Print Detective in a surprisingly short time.

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